

GAY'S POEMS.

VOL. I.





P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY THE LATE

Mr. JOHN GAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

His jocamur, ludimus, amamus, dolemus, querimus,  
irascimur; describimus aliquid modo pressius, modo  
elatus: atque ipsa varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia,  
aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. *Plin. Epist.*

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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Mr. JOHN GAY

IN THE VOLUME

The present volume contains a complete and accurate record of the life and work of the author, and is a valuable addition to the collection of the Harvard College Library.

VOLUME 1

EDWIN BURTON

1871-1927

1927

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T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
Mr J O H N G A Y.

**T**HIS gentleman was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was born at Exeter, and received his education at the free school of Barnstaple, in that county, under the care of Mr William Rayner. He was bred a mercer in the Strand; but having a small fortune independent of business, and considering the attendance on a shop as a degradation of those talents which he found himself possessed of, he quitted that occupation, and applied himself to other views, and to the indulgence of his inclination for the Muses. In what year Mr Gay was born, does not appear from the accounts of any of his historians, but in 1712 we find him secretary, or rather domestic steward, to the Duchess of Monmouth, in which station he continued till the beginning of the year 1714, at which time he accompanied the Earl of Clarendon to Hanover, whither that nobleman was dispatched by Queen Anne.

In the latter end of the same year, in consequence of the Queen's death, he returned to England, where

he lived in the highest estimation and intimacy of friendship with many persons of the first distinction both in rank and abilities. He was even particularly taken notice of by Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, to whom he had the honour of reading in manuscript his tragedy of *The Captives*, and, in 1716, dedicated his Fables, by permission, to the Duke of Cumberland. From this countenance shewn to him, and numberless promises made him of preferment, it was reasonable to suppose that he would have been genteely provided for in some office suitable to his inclination and abilities. Instead of which, in 1727, he was offered the place of gentleman-usher to one of the youngest princesses; an office which, as he looked on it as rather an indignity to a man whose talents might have been so much better employed, he thought proper to refuse; and some pretty warm remonstrances were made on the occasion by his sincere friends and patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, which terminated in those two noble personages withdrawing from court in disgust.

Mr Gay's dependencies on the promises of the great, and the disappointments he met with, he has figuratively described in his fable of *The Hare and many Friends*. However, the very extraordinary success he met with from public encouragement made an ample amends, both with respect to satisfaction and emolument, for those private disappointments. For, in the season of 1727-8, appeared his *Beggar's Opera*, the vast success of which was not only unprecedented, but almost incredible. It had an uninterrupted run in London of sixty-three nights in the first season, and was renewed in the ensuing one



with equal approbation. It spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty; made its progress into Wales, Scotland and Ireland, in which last place it was acted for twenty-four successive nights, and last of all it was performed at Minorca. Nor was the fame of it confined to the reading and representation alone; for the card-table and drawing-room shared with the theatre and closet in this respect; the ladies carried about the favourite songs of it engraven on their fan-mounts; and screens, and other pieces of furniture were decorated with the same. Miss Fenton, who acted Polly, though till then perfectly obscure, became all at once the idol of the town; her pictures were engraven, and sold in great numbers; her life written; books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made of even her very sayings and jests; nay, she herself received to a station, in consequence of which she, before her death, attained the highest rank a female subject can acquire. In short, the satire of this piece was so striking, so apparent, and so perfectly adapted to the taste of all degrees of people, that it even for that season overthrew the Italian opera, that Dagon of the nobility and gentry which had so long seduced them to idolatry, and which Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, and many other writers, by the force of reason and reflection, had in vain endeavoured to drive from the throne of public taste. Yet the Herculean exploit did this little piece at once bring to its completion, and for some time recalled the devotion of the town from an adoration

of mere sound and shew, to the admiration of, and relish for true satire and sound understanding.

The profits of this piece were so very great, both to the author and Mr Rich the manager, that it gave rise to a quibble which became frequent in the mouths of many, viz. "That it had made Rich gay, and "Gay rich:" and I have heard it asserted, that the author's own advantages from it were not less than two thousand pounds. In consequence of this success, Mr Gay was induced to write a second part to it, which he entitled Polly. But the disgust subsisting between him and the court, together with the misrepresentations made of him, as having been the author of some disaffected libels and seditious pamphlets, occasioned a prohibition and suppression of it by the Lord Chamberlain, at the very time when every thing was in readiness for the rehearsal of it. This disappointment, however, was far from being a loss to the author; for, as it was afterwards confessed, even by his very best friends, to be in every respect infinitely inferior to the first part, it is more than probable that it might have failed of that great success in the representation which Mr Gay might promise himself from it; whereas the profits arising from the publication of it afterwards in quarto, in consequence of a very large subscription, which this appearance of persecution, added to the author's great personal interest, procured for him, were at least adequate to what could have accrued to him from a moderate run, had it been represented.

As, among his dramatic works, his Beggar's Opera did at first, and perhaps ever will stand as an unri-

valled masterpiece, so, among his poetical works, his Fables hold the same rank of estimation: the latter having been almost as universally read, as the former was represented, and both equally admired. It would therefore be superfluous here to add any thing farther to these self-rear'd monuments of his fame as a poet. As a man he appears to have been morally amiable: his disposition was sweet and affable, his temper generous, and his conversation agreeable and entertaining. He had indeed one foible, too frequently incident to men of great literary abilities, and which subjected him at times to inconveniences, which otherwise he needed not to have experienced, viz. an excess of indolence, without any knowledge of œconomy; so that, though his emoluments were, at some periods of his life, very considerable, he was at others greatly straitened in his circumstances; nor could he prevail on himself to follow the advice of his friend Dean Swift, whom we find in many of his letters endeavouring to persuade him to the purchasing of an annuity, as a reserve for the exigencies that might attend an old age. Mr Gay chose rather to throw himself on patronage, than secure to himself an independent competency by the means pointed out to him; so that, after having undergone many vicissitudes of fortune, and being for some time chiefly supported by the liberality of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he died at their house in Burlington-gardens, in December 1732. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, and a monument erected to his memory, at the expence of his aforementioned noble benefactors, with an inscription expressive of their regards and his own deserts, and an epitaph in verse, by Mr Pope, to this purpose:

## E P I T A P H.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;  
 In wit a man, simplicity a child;  
 Above temptation in a low estate,  
 And uncorrupted even amongst the great;  
 A safe companion, and an easy friend;  
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end:  
 These are thy honours! Not that here thy bust  
 Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust,  
 But that the worthy and the good shall say,  
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lyes Gay.

*Then follows this farther inscription.*

Here ly the ashes of Mr John Gay,  
 The warmest friend,  
 The most benevolent man;  
 Who maintained  
 Independency  
 In low circumstances of fortune;  
 Integrity  
 In the midst of a corrupt age;  
 And that equal serenity of mind,  
 Which conscious goodness alone can give,  
 Through the whole course of his life.

Favourite of the Muses,  
 He was led by them to every elegant art;  
 Refin'd in taste,  
 And fraught with graces all his own:  
 In various kinds of poetry  
 Superior to many,  
 Inferior to none,  
 His works continue to inspire  
 What his example taught,  
 Contempt of folly, however adorned,  
 Detestation of vice, however dignified,  
 Reverence of virtue, however disgraced.

ii

RURAL SPORTS,  
A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED  
TO MR POPE.

~~Securi praelia ruris~~  
Pandinus,

*Nemesian;*

Vol. I.

B



THE ALBANY

A. GEORGE

ED. M. B. B.

THE ALBANY

THE ALBANY



# RURAL SPORTS,

## A GEORGIC.

TO MR POPE.

### CANTO I.

**Y**OU, who the sweets of human life have known,  
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;  
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,  
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy:  
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows, 5  
And no rude wind through rustling oſiers blows,  
While all his wond'ring Nymphs around thee throng,  
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,  
Nor bright'ned plough-shares in paternal land, 10  
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,  
Respir'd its smoak, and all its cares endur'd,  
Where news and politics divide mankind,  
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;  
Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue 15  
Is mov'd by flatter'ry, or with scandal hung:  
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,  
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties;

Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,  
 And honesty forsakes them all by turns; 20  
 While calumny upon each party's thrown,  
 Which both promote, and both alike disown.  
 Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,  
 And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,  
 Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime, 25  
 Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.  
 My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and  
 plains,  
 And deck with rural sports her native strains,  
 And the same road ambitiously pursue,  
 Frequented by the Mantuan swain, and you. 30

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,  
 But all the grateful country breathes delight;  
 Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,  
 And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.  
 Soon as the morning lark salutes the day, 35  
 Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,  
 Where I behold the farmer's early care,  
 In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,  
 And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground, 40  
 The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,  
 Shaving the surface of the waving green,  
 Of all her native pride disrobes the land,  
 And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;  
 While with the mounting sun the meadow glows, 45  
 The fading herbage round he loosely throws;  
 But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,  
 Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour,

His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,  
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake; 10  
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,  
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœbus  
gains,  
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,  
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake, 55  
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;  
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,  
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:  
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,  
And with the beech a mutual shade combines; 60  
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,  
Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams,  
Whose rolling current winding round and round,  
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;  
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast, 65  
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's georgic strains,  
And learn the labours of Italian swains;  
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,  
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes. 70  
I wander o'er the various rural toil,  
And know the nature of each different soil:  
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,  
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:  
Here I survey the purple vintage grow, 75  
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:  
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,  
And paw with restless hoof the smoaking ground:

The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,  
 While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein; 80  
 His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,  
 And by the dint of war his mistress claims:  
 The careful insect 'midst his works I view,  
 Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;  
 With golden treasures load his little thighs, 85  
 And steer his distant journey through the skies:  
 Some against hostile drones the hives defend;  
 Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:  
 Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,  
 And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears. 90

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,  
 And trudging homeward whistles on the way;  
 When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,  
 Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;  
 No warbling chears the woods; the feather'd choir 95  
 To court kind slumbers to their sprays retire;  
 When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,  
 Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;  
 Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,  
 To take my farewell of the parting day; 100  
 Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,  
 A streak of gold the sea and sky divides;  
 The purple clouds their amber linings show,  
 And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:  
 Here pensive I behold the fading light, 105  
 And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now night in silent state begins to rise,  
 And twinkling orbs bestow th' uncloudy skies;  
 Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,  
 And on the main a glittering path extends; 110

## RURAL SPORTS.

Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,  
 Which round their suns their annual circle steer.  
 Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,  
 While I survey the works of providence.  
 O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse 115  
 The glorious Author of the universe,  
 Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,  
 And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,  
 My soul should overflow in songs of praise,  
 And my Creator's name inspire my lays! 120

As in successive course the seasons roll,  
 So circling pleasures recreate the soul.  
 When genial spring a living warmth bestows,  
 And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,  
 No swelling inundation hides the grounds, 125  
 But crystal currents glide within their bounds;  
 The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
 Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,  
 With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,  
 Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams. 130  
 Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
 And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;  
 His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,  
 Encrease his tackle, and his rode retye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain, 135  
 Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,  
 And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,  
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;  
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,  
 And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,  
 The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds, 140  
 Whose rapid surface purles, unknown to weeds;



Upon a rising border of the brook  
 He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;  
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,  
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught; 145  
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
 Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
 Which down the murmur'ing current gently flows; 150  
 When if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway  
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:  
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line! 155  
 How thy road bends! behold, the prize is thine!  
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,  
 Judgment will tell thee proper bait to chuse; 160  
 The worm that draws a long immod'rate size  
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;  
 And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,  
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains, 165  
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;  
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil. 170

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,  
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,



## RURAL SPORTS.

89

Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,  
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day.  
 You now a more delusive art must try, 175  
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride:  
 Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire  
 The shining bellies of the fly require; 180  
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:  
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart, 185  
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.  
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,  
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;  
 Furs, pearls, and phumes, the glittering thing displays,  
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. 190

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
 How the succeeding insect race appear;  
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,  
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.  
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try 195  
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skim'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw; 200  
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;

Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns and size.  
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds, 205  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;  
 So just the colours shine thro' every part,  
 That Nature seems to live again in art.  
 Let not thy wary steps advance too near,  
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair: 210  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,  
 Against the stream now gently let it play, 215  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away  
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear  
 Behold their fellows tofs'd in thinner air;  
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate. 220

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,  
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.  
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy 225  
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,  
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
 And bears with joy the little spoil away. 230  
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake:  
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;

And now again, impatient of the wound, 235  
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;  
205 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;  
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,  
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art; 240  
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes;  
210 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;  
Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:  
'Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength, 245  
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
215 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;  
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,  
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air: 250  
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lyes,  
220 Stretching his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?  
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;  
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores, 255  
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:  
225 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,  
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds  
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds  
30 Perplex the fisher; I, nor chuse to bear 265  
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;  
Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,  
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.  
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine, 265  
No blood of living insect stain my line;

Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,  
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,  
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,  
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey. 270

## C A N T O II.

**N**OW, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,  
 Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.  
 Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,  
 And all the fisherman adorn the verse;  
 Should you the wide encircling net display, 275  
 And in its spacious arch enclose the sea,  
 Then haul the plunging load upon the land,  
 And with the soale and turbot hide the sand;  
 It would extend the growing theme too long,  
 And tire the reader with the wat'ry song. 280

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,  
 Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,  
 When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,  
 And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.  
 Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair, 285  
 Haste, save the product of the bounteous year:  
 To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,  
 And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,  
 Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe. 290  
 With what delight the rapid course I view!  
 How does my eye the circling race pursue!

He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws,  
 The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;  
 She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound 295  
 Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;  
 She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,  
 Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.  
 What various sport does rural life afford!  
 What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, 301  
 Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.  
 Soon as the lab'ring horse with swelling veins,  
 Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,  
 To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies, 305  
 With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;  
 Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,  
 Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.  
 The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose  
 Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;  
 Against the wind he takes his prudent way, 311  
 While the strong gale directs him to the prey;  
 Now the warm scent assures the covey near,  
 He treads with caution, and he points with fear;  
 Then (lest some sentry fowl the fraud descry, 315  
 And bid his fellows from the danger fly)  
 Close to the ground in expectation lies,  
 Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.  
 Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,  
 And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,  
 His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes, 321  
 And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes:  
 Or when the sun casts a declining ray,  
 And drives his chariot down the western way,



Let your obsequious ranger search around, 325  
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:  
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,  
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.  
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,  
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade; 330  
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,  
Or driving mists deface the moist'ned plains;  
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,  
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lyes.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear, 335  
But what's the fowler's be the muse's care.  
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:  
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;  
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,  
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies; 340  
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain flight,  
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.  
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand  
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;  
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take, 345  
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;  
Not closest coverts can protect the game:  
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim;  
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!  
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing, 350  
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:  
Let them on high the frightened hern survey,  
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.  
Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain,  
That greets the morning with his early strain; 355



When, midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays;  
 While from each angle flash the glancing rays,  
 And in the sun the transient colours blaze,  
 Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:  
 The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.

360

But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;  
 The hound must open in these rural strains.  
 Soon as Aurora drives away the night,  
 And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,  
 The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,  
 Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;  
 The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,  
 They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;  
 Wide through the furzy field their route they take,  
 Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:  
 The flying game their smoaking nostrils trace,  
 No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;  
 The distant mountains echo from afar,  
 And hanging woods resound the flying war:  
 The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,  
 Paws the green turf, and prieks his trembling ears;  
 The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,  
 Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;  
 Hills, dales and forests far behind remain,  
 While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd  
 train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?  
 Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!  
 New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,  
 Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;  
 Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,  
 Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous muse, hast thou the force  
 To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?  
 To keep thy seat unmov'd hast thou the skill  
 O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill? 390  
 Can'st thou the stag's laborious chace direct,  
 Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?  
 The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:  
 Ye mighty hunters, spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms, 395  
 And all the ravages of hostile arms!  
 And happy shepherds, who secure from fear,  
 On open downs preserve your fleecy care!  
 Whose spacious barns groan with encreasing store,  
 And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor; 400  
 No barb'rous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,  
 Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;  
 No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,  
 Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:  
 No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar, 405  
 'The dreadful signal of invasive war;  
 No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,  
 And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,  
 In chearful labour while each day she spends! 410  
 She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,  
 And, rich in poverty, enjoys content:  
 (Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame  
 Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame)  
 She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains, 415  
 Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;  
 She never loses life in thoughtless ease,  
 Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;

Her home-spun drefs in fimple neatnefs lies,  
 And for no glaring equipage ſhe fighs: 420  
 Her reputation, which is all her boaft,  
 In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt:  
 No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,  
 And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.  
 If love's ſoft paſſion in her boſom reign, 425  
 An equal paſſion warms her happy ſwain;  
 No homebred jars her quiet ſtate controul,  
 Nor watchful jealousy torments her ſoul;  
 With ſecret joy ſhe ſees her little race  
 Hang on her breaſt, and her ſmall cottage grace; 430  
 The fleecy ball their buſy fingers cull,  
 Or from the ſpindle draw the lengthning wool:  
 Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,  
 Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noiſe and ſtrife, 435  
 The kind rewarders of induſtrious life;  
 Ye ſhady woods, where once I uſ'd to rove,  
 Alike indulgent to the muſe and love;  
 Ye murm'ring ſtreams that in meanders roll,  
 The ſweet compoſers of the penſive ſoul, 440  
 Farewel.—The city calls me from your bow'ers,  
 Farewel amuſing thoughts and peaceful hours.



T H E F A N,

A P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

— Ἰνθά δὲ θελκῆρια πάντα τέτυκτο·  
ἔνθα ἔνι μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἥμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαρισὺς,  
Πάρασις ἢ τ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονούντων·  
Τὸν γὰρ οἱ ἔμβαλε χερσίν. HOM. ILIAD. 14.

THE E. F. A. M.

A. B. O. O. K.

BY THREE BOOKS

THE HISTORY OF THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION  
AND THE  
FRENCH EMPIRE  
BY  
M. DE LA HARPE



T H E F A N,

A P O E M.

B O O K I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play  
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day.  
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,  
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;  
Nor that long known in China's artful land, 5  
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:  
Nor shall the muse in Asian climates rove,  
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,  
Where stretch'd at ease the panting lady lies,  
To shun the fervor of meridian skies, 10  
While sweating slaves catch ev'ry breeze of air,  
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;  
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,  
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast;  
But artificial Zephyrs round her fly, 15  
And mitigate the fever of the sky.

Nor shall Bermudas long the muse detain,  
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,  
Where breathing sweets from ev'ry field ascend,  
And the wild woods with golden apples bend; 20  
Yet let me in some od'rous shade repose,  
Whilst in my verse the fair Palmetto grows:

Like the tall-pine it shoots its stately head,  
 From the broad top depending branches spread;  
 No knotty limbs the taper body bears, 25  
 Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,  
 Which shrivell'd in its infancy remains,  
 Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,  
 But as the seasons in their circles run,  
 Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer sun: 30  
 Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,  
 Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wand'ring muse, nor rove in foreign climes,  
 To thy own native shore confine thy rhimes.  
 Assist, ye Nine, your lofliest notes employ, 35  
 Say what celestial skill contriv'd the toy:  
 Say how this instrument of love began,  
 And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his am'rous pain,  
 Which gay Corinna rally'd with disdain: 40  
 Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,  
 Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;  
 With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,  
 He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhim'd, he  
 danc'd:

Now call'd more pow'rful presents to his aid, 45  
 And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;  
 Smooth flatt'ry in her softer hours apply'd,  
 The surest charm to bend the force of pride:  
 But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,  
 Insults her captive, and derides his flame. 50  
 When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,  
 He sought in solitude to lose his care;

Relief in solitude he sought in vain,  
 It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.  
 To Venus now the slighted boy complains, 55  
 And calls the goddess in these tender strains.

O potent Queen, from Neptune's empire sprung,  
 Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,  
 Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,  
 Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove, 60  
 Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,  
 And curling clouds of incense hide the skies :  
 O beauteous goddess, teach me how to move,  
 Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love,  
 If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd, 65  
 If e'er his eyes, or godlike figure charm'd,  
 Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,  
 Think on the restless fever of thy heart;  
 Think how you pin'd in absence of the swain :  
 By those uneasy minutes know my pain. 70  
 Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,  
 And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,  
 The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame ;  
 She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame :  
 Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove, 75  
 May Venus dictate, and reward my love.  
 When crouds of suitors Atalanta try'd,  
 She wealth and beauty, wit and fame defy'd ;  
 Each daring lover with adventurous pace  
 Pursu'd his wishes in the dang'rous race ; 80  
 Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,  
 Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.  
 Hippomenes, O Venus, was thy care,  
 You taught the swain to stay the flying fair ;

Thy golden present caught the virgin's eyes, 85  
 She stops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.  
 Say, Cyprian Deity, what gift, what art,  
 Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?  
 If only some bright toy can charm her sight,  
 Teach me what present may suspend her flight. 90  
 Thus the desponding youth his flame declares:  
 The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cytheria stands a spacious grove,  
 Sacred to Venus and the God of love;  
 Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head, 95  
 Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;  
 Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,  
 And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flow'rs;  
 Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,  
 Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends; 100  
 The rugged stone is cloath'd with mantling vines,  
 And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,  
 Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;  
 All share the toil; while some the bellows ply, 105  
 Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:  
 Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,  
 Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;  
 Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,  
 And with the warlike store their quivers fill. 110

A different toil another forge employs;  
 Here the loud hammer fashions female toys:  
 Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd,  
 Hence sprung the glitt'ring implements of pride;

Each trinket that adorns the modern dame, 113  
 First to these little artists ow'd its frame.  
 Here an unfinish'd di'mond crosslet lay,  
 To which soft lovers adoration pay;  
 There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,  
 That with quick scents relieves the modish spleen: 120  
 Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,  
 Which serves the raily'd fop for smart replies;  
 There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,  
 The future records of the lover's flames;  
 Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found, 125  
 And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground.  
 There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,  
 Compleatly furnish'd with bright beauty's arms;  
 The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,  
 Pins, paint, a flatt'ring glass, and black-lead  
 combs. 130

The toilsome hours in diff'rent labour slide,  
 Some work the file, and some the graver guide;  
 From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,  
 And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.  
 Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days, 135  
 Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise;  
 A swarm of lab'ers diff'rent tasks attend:  
 Here pullies make the pond'rous oaks ascend,  
 With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,  
 While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones; 140  
 The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,  
 'Till the proud battlements her tow'rs inclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,  
 And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;



Strait to the grott with graceful step she goes, 143  
 Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows;  
 The swelling bellows heave for breath no more,  
 All drop their silent hammers on the floor;  
 In deep suspence the mighty labour stands,  
 While thus the Goddess spoke her mild commands. 150

Industrious Loves, your present toils forbear,  
 A more important task demands your care;  
 Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,  
 By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.  
 That glorious bird have ye not often seen 153  
 Who draws the car of the celestial Queen?  
 Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,  
 His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?  
 Have ye not seen him in the sunny day  
 Unfurle his plumes, and all his pride display, 160  
 Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,  
 And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?  
 Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;  
 Thin taper sticks must form one centre part:  
 Let these into the quadrant's form divide, 163  
 The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;  
 Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,  
 And make a miniature creation grow.  
 Let the machine in equal foldings close,  
 And now its plaited surface wide dispose. 170  
 So shall the fair her idle hand employ,  
 And grace each motion with the restless toy,  
 With various play bid grateful Zephyrs rise,  
 While love in ev'ry grateful Zephyr flies.

The master Cupid traces out the lines, 173  
 And with judicious hand the draught designs,

Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,  
 And the joint labour eagerly pursue.  
 Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,  
 And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart; 180  
 The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,  
 Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;  
 Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,  
 And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:  
 Of this, the little pin they neatly mold, 185  
 From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;  
 In equal plaits they now the paper bend,  
 And at just distance the wide ribs extend,  
 Then on the frame they mount the limber screen,  
 And finish instantly the new machine. 190

The Goddess pleas'd, the curious work receives,  
 Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;  
 With the light fan she moves the yielding air,  
 And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.

Unhappy lovers, how will you withstand, 195  
 When these new arms shall grace your charmer's  
 hand?

In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,  
 When eyes were artless, and the look demure,  
 When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck inclos'd,  
 And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd, 200  
 When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,  
 Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair;  
 Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,  
 Nor taught the fan in fickle forms to play.

How are the sex improv'd in am'rous arts, 205  
 What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!

When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,  
 And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,  
 At first, the brandish'd arm the jav'lin threw,  
 Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew; 210  
 In the bright air the dreadful faulchion shone,  
 Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.  
 Now men those less destructive arms despise,  
 Wide-wasteful death from thund'ring cannon flies;  
 One hour with more battalions strows the plain,  
 Than were of yore in weekly battles slain. 215  
 So love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,  
 Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.  
 The bosom now its panting beauties shews,  
 Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws; 220  
 Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,  
 And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;  
 The sickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires  
 A tow'ry front of lace on branching wires.  
 The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows, 225  
 Or round the face in labour'd order grows.

How shall I soar, and on unweary wing  
 Trace varying habits upward to their spring!  
 What force of thought, what numbers can express  
 Th' inconstant equipage of female dress? 230  
 How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,  
 How to adjust the mantua's sweeping train?  
 What fancy can the petticoat surround,  
 With the capacious hoop of whalebone bound?  
 But stay, presumptuous Muse, nor boldly dare 235  
 The Toilette's sacred mysteries declare;  
 Let a just distance be to beauty paid;  
 None here must enter but the trusty maid,

Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,  
And glossy manteaus rustle in my verse; 249  
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,  
Where rising flow'rs grow stiff with frosted gold,  
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,  
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

T H E F A N,  
A P O E M.

B O O K II.

O L Y M P U S' gates unfold; in Heaven's high  
towers

Appear in council all th' immortal powers;  
Great Jove above the rest exalted fate,  
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;  
His awful eye with ray superior shone, 5  
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;  
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,  
The whole creation at one view survey'd.

But see, fair Venus comes in all her state,  
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait; 10  
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,  
And strow with odoriferous flowers the way;  
In her right hand she waves the flutt'ring fan,  
And thus in melting sounds her speech began.

Assembled powers, who fickle mortals guide, 15  
Who o'er the sea, the skies and earth preside,  
Ye fountains whence all human blessings flow,  
Who pour your bounties on the world below;  
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,  
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;



Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground, 21  
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;  
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year,  
And fruitful autumn is Pomona's care.  
I first taught woman to subdue mankind, 25  
And all her native charms with dress refin'd:  
Celestial synod, this machine survey,  
That shades the face, or bids cool zephyrs play;  
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,  
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes; 30  
No levell'd glance betrays her am'rous heart,  
From the fan's ambush she directs the dart.  
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,  
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;  
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears, 35  
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears:  
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,  
And the strung bow points out the Cynthian queen;  
Henceforth the waving fan my hands shall grace,  
The waving fan supply the sceptre's place. 40  
Who shall, ye powers, the forming pencil hold?  
What story shall the wide machine unfold?  
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,  
With myrtle wreaths and flow'ry chaplets crown'd;  
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains 45  
With unresisting nymphs, and am'rous swains:  
May glowing picture o'er the surface shine,  
To melt slow virgins with the warm design.

Diana rose; with silver crescent crown'd,  
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground: 50  
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,  
And thus with graceful voice the virgin said.

Has woman then forgot all former wiles,  
 The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?  
 Does man against her charms too powerful prove; 55  
 Or are the sex grown novices in love?  
 Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,  
 From this slight ambush, conquer by surprize?  
 No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,  
 And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows; 60  
 Since blushes then from shame alone arise,  
 Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?  
 Let Cupid rather give up his command,  
 And trust his arrows in a female hand.  
 Have not the gods already cherish'd pride, 65  
 And woman with destructive arms supply'd?  
 Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,  
 For her the chambers of the deep explores;  
 The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,  
 And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines: 70  
 Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,  
 Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;  
 Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,  
 Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.  
 Does not the di'mond sparkle in her ear, 75  
 Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?  
 From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,  
 And imitates the lightning of her eyes.  
 But yet if Venus' wishes must succeed,  
 And this fantastic engine be decreed, 80  
 May some chaste story from the pencil flow,  
 To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe.

Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,  
 Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,

Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind, 85  
 The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind;  
 The perjur'd youth unfurls his treach'rous sails,  
 And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.  
 Be still, he winds, she cries, stay, Theseus, stay;  
 But faithless Theseus hears no more than they. 90  
 All desp'rate, to some craggy cliff she flies,  
 And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;  
 His leſ'ning vessel plows the foamy main,  
 She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.

Paint Dido there amidst her last distress, 95  
 Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:  
 Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;  
 And gushing blood streams purple from the wound:  
 Her sister Anna hov'ring o'er her stands,  
 Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands, 100  
 Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,  
 And mixes curses with her broken sighs.  
 View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe;  
 They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.

Here draw Oenone in the lonely grove, 105  
 Where Paris first betray'd her into love:  
 Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,  
 Which the false youth wove for Oenone's brow,  
 The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,  
 And like their odours all his vows are fled; 110  
 On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,  
 And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys;  
 That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,  
 When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:  
 "These streams shall sooner to their fountain move 115  
 Than I forget my dear Oenone's love,"

Roll back, ye streams, back to your fountain run,  
 Paris is false, Oenone is undone.  
 Ah wretched maid! think how the moments flew,  
 Ere you the pangs of this curs'd passion knew, 120  
 When groves could please, and when you lov'd the  
 plain,  
 Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.

Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads the fan,  
 In his true colours view perfidious man,  
 Pleas'd with her virgin state in forests rove, 125  
 And never trust the dang'rous hopes of love.

The Goddess ended, merry Momus rose,  
 With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws,  
 Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,  
 Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke. 130

Rather let heav'nly deeds be painted there,  
 And by your own examples teach the fair.  
 Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,  
 And the bright crescent own the Cynthian Queen;  
 On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies, 135  
 Reign'd sleep hath clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:  
 See, to his soft embraces how she steals,  
 And on his lips her warm caresses seals;  
 No more her hand the glitt'ring jav'lin holds,  
 But round his neck her eager arms she folds. 140  
 Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?  
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.  
 Here let her on some flow'ry bank be laid,  
 Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade,  
 Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace, 145  
 And glowing expectation paints her face,

O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread;  
 Stand off, ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head;  
 Let vig'rous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,  
 And in a shaggy goat the virgin please. 15  
 Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?  
 Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.

There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,  
 Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face;  
 See Cephalus her wanton airs despise, 155  
 While she provokes him with desiring eyes;  
 To raise his passion she displays her charms,  
 His modest hand upon her bosom warms;  
 Nor looks, nor pray'rs, nor force his heart persuade,  
 But with disdain he quits the rosy maid. 160

Here let dissolving Læda grace the toy,  
 Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;  
 Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,  
 While with his flutt'ring wings he fans the fair.  
 There let all-conquering gold exert its pow'r, 165  
 And soften Danaë in a glitt'ring show'r.

Would you warn beauty not to cherish pride,  
 Nor vainly in the treach'rous bloom confide,  
 On the machine the sage Minerva place,  
 With lineaments of wisdom mark her face; 170  
 See, where she lies near some transparent flood,  
 And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:  
 Her image in the floating glass she spies,  
 Her blotched cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;  
 She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain 175  
 Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain.



With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,  
What, spoil her face! no; warbling strains farewell.  
Shall arts—shall sciences employ the fair?  
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care. 180  
From Venus let her learn the married life,  
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.  
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,  
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;  
The God of war within her clinging arms, 185  
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.  
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,  
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;  
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,  
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace. 190  
Let these amours adorn the new machine,  
And female nature on the piece be seen;  
So shall the fair, as long as fans shall last,  
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste.

# T H E F A N,

## A P O E M.

### B O O K III.

**T**HUS Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;  
 From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;  
 Her skilful hand an iv'ry pallet grac'd,  
 Where shining colours were in order plac'd.  
 As Gods are bless'd with a superior skill, 5  
 And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will,  
 Straight she proposes, by her art divine,  
 To bid the paint express her great design.  
 Th' assembled pow'rs consent. She now began,  
 And her creating pencil stain'd the fan. 10

O'er the fair field, trees spread, and rivers flow,  
 Tow'rs rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;  
 Life seems to move within the glowing veins,  
 And in each face some lively passion reigns.  
 Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear, 15  
 Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air  
 In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass  
 Through the small circle of a convex glass;  
 On the white sheet the moving figures rise,  
 The forest waves; clouds float along the skies. 20

She various fables on the piece design'd,  
 That spoke the follies of the female kind.  
 The fate of pride in Niobe she drew :  
 Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue :  
 In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood, 25  
 Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood ;  
 Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,  
 Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air ;  
 A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,  
 Whose spacious border golden flow'rs surround : 30  
 She made Latona's altars cease to flame,  
 And of due honours robb'd her sacred name ;  
 To her own charms she bad fresh incense rise,  
 And adoration own her brighter eyes.  
 Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born, 35  
 Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,  
 Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,  
 Were by Latona's double offspring slain.  
 Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,  
 And from his rising steed her first-born threw ; 40  
 His op'ning fingers drop the slacken'd rein,  
 And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.  
 Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend ;  
 See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend,  
 Diana's arrow joins them face to face, 45  
 And death unites them in a strict embrace.  
 Another here flies trembling o'er the plain ;  
 When Heav'n pursues we shun the stroke in vain.  
 This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,  
 And 'midst his humble adoration dies. 50  
 As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,  
 A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart :  
 While that to raise his wounded brother tries,  
 Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.

# T H E F A N.

31

The tender sisters bath'd in grief appear, 33  
 With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,  
 And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;  
 Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood,  
 They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,  
 And in the pious action share their fate. 60  
 Now the proud dame o'ercome by trembling fear,  
 With her wide robe protects her only care;  
 To save her only care in vain she tries,  
 More at her feet the latest victim dies.  
 Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows, 65  
 Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;  
 Fix'd in astonishment she weeping stood,  
 The plain all purple with her childrens blood;  
 She stiffens with her woes: no more her hair  
 In easy ringlets wantons in the air; 70  
 Motion forsakes her eyes, her veins are dry'd,  
 And beat no longer with the sanguine tide;  
 All life is fled, firm marble now she grows,  
 Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.

Ye haughty fair, your painted fans display, 75  
 And the just fate of lofty pride survey:  
 Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,  
 And in celestial families adore,  
 Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,  
 And goddeses confess inferior charms, 80  
 Do not, vain maid, the flatt'ring tale believe,  
 Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.

Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,  
 Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.  
 Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife, 85  
 Who rolls her sick'ning eyes, and gasps for life;

Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,  
 And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes :  
 What guilt, what horror on his face appears !  
 See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears, 90  
 With agony his wringing hands he strains,  
 And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.

Learn hence, ye wives ! bid vain suspicion cease,  
 Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace.  
 For when fierce love to jealousy ferments, 95  
 A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents :  
 No more the days in pleasing converse flow,  
 And nights no more their soft endearments know.

There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,  
 The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd ; 100  
 Gay Chloréus' arms attract her longing eyes,  
 And for the painted plume and helm she sighs ;  
 Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,  
 Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way ;  
 Down drops the martial maid ; the bloody ground 105  
 Floats with a torrent from the purple wound.  
 The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,  
 And try to stop the gushing life in vain.

Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,  
 Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays ; 110  
 His snowy feather edg'd with crimson dyes,  
 And his bright sword-knot lure her wand'ring eyes ;  
 Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,  
 Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.

Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood, 115  
 And view'd his image in the crystal flood,



The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
 And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.  
 No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdu'd,  
 Echo in vain the flying boy pursu'd; 110  
 Himself alone the foolish youth admires,  
 And with fond look the smiling shade desires:  
 O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,  
 His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,  
 Thro' his pale veins green sap now gently flows, 115  
 And in a short-liv'd flow'r his beauty blows.

Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,  
 That beauty's but a transient good at best.  
 Like flow'rs it withers with th' advancing year,  
 And age like winter robs the blooming fair. 130  
 Oh Araminta, cease thy wonted pride,  
 Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide;  
 Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,  
 Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!

Thus on the fan the breathing figures shine, 135  
 And all the powers applaud the wise design.

The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,  
 And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.  
 To the low world she bends her steepy way,  
 Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day; 140  
 She found him in a melancholy grove,  
 His downcast eyes betray'd desponding love,  
 The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,  
 And ev'ry tree bore false Corinna's name;  
 In a cool shade he lay with folded arms, 145  
 Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms,

When Venus to his wond'ring eyes appears,  
And with these words relieves his am'rous cares.

Rise, happy youth, this bright machine survey,  
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway; 150  
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,  
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.

The fan shall flutter in all female hands,  
And various fashions learn from various lands.  
For this, shall elephants their ivory shed; 155  
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:  
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,  
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.  
On this shall Indians all their art employ,  
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy; 160  
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,  
Their dress, their customs, their religion show;  
So shall the British fair their minds improve,  
And on the fan to distant climates rove.  
Here China's ladies shall their pride display, 165  
And silver figures gild their loose array;  
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;  
That tunes the sife, or tinkling cymbal plies:  
Here cross-leg'd nobles in rich state shall dine,  
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine. 170  
The peeping fan in modern times shall rise,  
Through which unseen the female ogle flies;  
This shall in temples the fly maid conceal,  
And shelter love beneath devotion's veil.  
Gay France shall make the fan her artist's care, 175  
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.  
As learned Orators that touch the heart,  
With various action raise their soothing art,

Both head and hand affect the list'ning throng,  
And humour each expression of the tongue: 186  
So shall each passion by the fan be seen,  
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen.

While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes,  
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies.  
But Cupid (who delights in am'rous ill, 189  
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)  
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,  
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew;  
Leander lov'd; and to the sprightly dame  
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame; 190  
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,  
And for the fop in equal passion burns.

Lo Strephon comes! and with a suppliant bow,  
Offers the present, and renews his vow.

When she the fate of Niobe beheld, 195  
Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?  
She sighing cry'd: Disdain forsook her breast,  
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.

In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,  
She justly blames her own suspicious heart, 200  
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,  
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.

When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,  
No more for show and equipage she burns;  
She learns Leander's passion to despise, 205  
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.

Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows  
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.  
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies ;  
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies. 210

Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame,  
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE  
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.  
IN  
SIX PASTORALS.

——— Libeat mihi fordida rura,  
Atque humiles habitare casas. ———

*Ving.*



NEW YORK

SIX LAST

THE  
P R O E M E,  
TO THE  
COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our Island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie highly flourishing, no Poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple Eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other Poet travailing in this plain highway of Pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a Pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British Poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical galli-

## THE PROEME.

mawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, Golden Age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine Pastoral. Whereof I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instilled Golden, as this of our Sovereign lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Dorick shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

*Ὁ πόλος ὅκκ' ἴσορῃ τὰς μνηάδας οἷα βατεῦντι.*

*Τακταὶ ὀφθαλμῶς ὅτι ὁ τράγος αὐτὸς ἐγενίτο. THEOC.*

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the Burgessees of this realme.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk into the fields at the

## THE PROEME.

proper season : even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

- " As one who long in populous city pent,
- " Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
- " Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
- " Among the pleasant villages and farms
- " Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight ;
- " The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
- " Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound."

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields ; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge ; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth :

- " Well is known that since the Saxon king
- " Never was wolf seen, many or some
- " Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom."

For as much as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. More-

## THE PROEME.

over, as he called his Eclogues the *shepherd's calendar*, and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further, of many of maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed, though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in time past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.



## THE PROEME.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of Simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving countryman,

JOHN GAY.

THE HISTORY OF

The first part of the history of the world is the history of the creation of the world and the history of the world from the creation of the world to the present time. The second part of the history of the world is the history of the world from the present time to the future. The third part of the history of the world is the history of the world from the future to the end of the world.

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THE HISTORY OF

THE HISTORY OF

# P R O L O U G E.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE  
LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

**L**O I, who erst beneath a tree  
Sung Bumkinet and Bouzybee,  
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,  
In apron blue or apron white,  
Now write my sonnets in a book,  
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around  
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,  
Our Clerk came posting o'er the green  
With doleful tidings of the Queen;  
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe  
Sweet "Peace that maketh riches flow;"  
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,  
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,  
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,  
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,  
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death  
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to El'zabeth,

I broke my reed, and sighing, swore  
I'd weep for Blonzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,  
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,  
Full soon by bonfire and by bell  
We learnt our Liege was passing well.  
A skilful leech (so God him speed)  
They say had wrought this blessed deed;  
This leech Arbuthnot was yclept,  
Who many a night not once had slept;  
But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still:  
For who could rest when she was ill?  
Oh, mayst thou henceforth sweetly sleep!  
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep.  
To swell his couch; for well I ween,  
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, Please God, I'll bye with glee  
To court, this Arbuthnot to see:  
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,  
For silver loops and garment blue:  
My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,  
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;  
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got  
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,  
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;  
For Peace allays the shepherd's fear  
Of wearing cap of granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row  
Before their Queen in seemly show.

No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,  
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;  
Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,  
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.  
But Lansdown fresh as flower of May,  
And Berkley lady blithe and gay,  
And Anglesey whose speech exceeds  
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;  
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare,  
And Montague beyond compare:  
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint  
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen  
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.  
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,  
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair:  
Who for our traffic forms designs,  
And gives to Britain Indian mines.  
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;  
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare;  
Ye weavers all your shuttles throw,  
And bid broad-cloths and ferges grow;  
For trading free shall thrive again,  
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I St John, sweet of mein,  
Full stedfast both to church and queen:  
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,  
St John, right courteous to the swain:

For thus he told me on a day,  
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay.



And certes, mirth it were to see  
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,  
With preface meet, and notes profound;  
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.  
All suddenly then home I sped,  
And did even as my Lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine Eclogues fair,  
But let not these detain thine ear.  
Let not th' affairs of states and kings  
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.  
Rather than verse of simple swain  
Shou'd stay the trade of France or Spain,  
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,  
Yon' emp'ror's packets be delay'd;  
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,  
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

# M O N D A Y;

O R, T H E

## S Q U A B B L E.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

**T**H Y younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,  
No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush forsake,  
No chirping lark the welken sheen invokes,  
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;  
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,  
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott so rear?

C U D D Y.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guest,  
For "he that loves a stranger, is to rest;"

Line.

3. Welkin the same as Welken, an old Saxon word signifying a Cloud; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucer.

"Ne in all the Welkin was no cloud."

Sheen or Shine, an old word for shining or bright.

5. Scant, used in the ancient British authors for scarce.

6. Rear, an expression in several counties of England, for Early in the morning.

7. To Ween, derived from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,  
 And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10  
 This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,  
 Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.  
 And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,  
 Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half, 15  
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:  
 Woe worth the tongue, may blisters fore it gall,  
 That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

## CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,  
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20  
 Lo yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,  
 The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!  
 From Cloddipole we learn'd to read the skies,  
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.  
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view, 25  
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue;  
 He first that useful secret did explain,  
 That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.  
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
 He told us that the welken would be clear. 30  
 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,  
 And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.  
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

25. Erst, a contraction of ere this; it signifies some time ago, or formerly.

## THE SQUABBLE.

11

### LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35  
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;  
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,  
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

### CUDDY.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting slouch,  
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

### LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,  
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.  
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows, 45  
Fair is the gilliflow'er, of gardens sweet,  
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet.  
But Blouzelind's than gillyflow'r more fair,  
Than daisy, marygold, or king-cup rare.

### CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the scatest maid,  
That e'er-at wake delightful gambol play'd. 50  
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,  
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.  
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,  
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,  
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55  
And my cur Tray play deffest feats around;  
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,  
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

56. Deft, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,  
 Of her bereft 'tis winter all the year. 69  
 With her no summer's sultry heat I know;  
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.  
 Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,  
 My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

## CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay, 65  
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;  
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
 Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.  
 Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,  
 And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,  
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,  
 I sily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,  
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
 Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75  
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

## CUDDY.

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,  
 With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,  
 I queintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,  
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80

69. Eftsoons, from eft, an ancient British word, signifying soon. So that eftsoons is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were, to say twice soon, or very soon.

79. Queint has various significations in the ancient Eng-



Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,  
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;  
Oats for their feasts, the Scottish shepherds grind, 83  
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.  
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,  
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

## CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90  
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,  
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.  
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at blindman's-buff, it hapt 95  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.  
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;  
True speaks that ancient proverb, *Love is blind.*

lish authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his Miller's Tale. "As Clerkes being full subtle and queint," (by which he means arch or waggish), and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

85. *Populus Aleidae gratissima, with Iaccho,  
Formosae Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phoebo.  
Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,  
Nec Myrtus vincet Corylos nec Laurea Phoebi, &c.*

*Virg.*

## CUDDY.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,  
 And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100  
 Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I  
 Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,  
 Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.  
 With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose, 105  
 And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

## CUDDY.

Acrofs the fallen oak the plank I laid,  
 And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid.  
 High leapt the plank; atdown Buxoma fell;  
 I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou can'st, explain, 110  
 This wily riddle puzzles every fwain.

What flower is that which bears the virgin's  
 " name,  
 The richest metal joined with the same ?"

## CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judgethis riddle right, 113  
 I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.  
 " † What flower is that which royal honour craves,  
 " Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves ?"

\* Marygold.

† Rosemary.

117. Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum  
 Nascantur flores.

Virt.

## CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,  
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 110  
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn;  
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodges' barn.  
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,  
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

120. Et vitula tu dignus et hic.

Virg.

T U E S D A Y;

O R, T H E

D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.

YOUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,  
Full well could dance, and dextly tune the reed;  
In every wood his carols sweet were known,  
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.  
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw, 5  
The damfels pleasures with his conquests grew;  
Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,  
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,  
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,  
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10  
Marian that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,  
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;  
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,  
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd,  
But Marian now devoid of country cares, 15  
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese prepares.  
For yearning love the witless maid employs,  
*And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.*  
Colin makes mock at all her hideous smart,  
A lass that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart, 20

Cic'ly the western lafs that tends the kee,  
The rival of the parfon's maid was ſhe.  
In dreary ſhade now Marian lies along,  
And mix'd with ſighs thus wails in plaining ſong.

Ah, woful day! ah, woful noon and morn! 25  
When firſt by thee my younglings white were ſhorn:  
Then firſt, I ween, I caſt a lover's eye,  
My ſheep were ſilly, but more ſilly I.  
Beneath the ſhears they felt no laſting ſmart,  
They loſt but fleeces, while I loſt a heart. 30

Ah, Colin! can'ſt thou leave thy ſweetheart true;  
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?  
Will ſhe thy-linen waſh, or hoſen darn,  
And knit thee gloves made of her own ſpun yarn?  
Will ſhe with huſwife's hand provide thy meat, 35  
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?  
Which o'er thy kerſey doublet ſpreading wide,  
In ſervice-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aſide.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,  
My new diſaſters in my look appear. 40  
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,  
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;  
Our neighbours tell me oft in-joking talk  
Of aſhes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;  
Unwittingly of Marian they divine, 45  
And wiſt not that with thoughtful love I pine.  
Yet Colin Clout, untoward ſhepherd ſwain,  
Walks whiſtling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

21. Kee, a weſt-country word for Kine or Cows.



■ Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight  
 To toil all day, and merry-make at night. 50  
 If in the soil you guide the crooked share,  
 Your early breakfast is my constant care;  
 And when with even hand you strow the grain,  
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.  
 In milking days, when I my thresher heard, 55  
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;  
 I lost in the music of the whirling flail,  
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail:  
 In harvest when the sun was mounted high,  
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60  
 Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,  
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake:  
 When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,  
 I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;  
 And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65  
 Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;  
 Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,  
 To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.  
 When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf,*  
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70  
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.  
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,  
 I, near yon stile, three fallow gypsies met.  
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75  
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;  
 They said that many crosses I must prove,  
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.  
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,  
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80

I bore these losses with a Christian mind,  
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.  
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,  
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn:  
 Help me, ye gypsies, bring him home again, 85  
 And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have I not sat with thee full many a night,  
 When dying embers were our only light,  
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,  
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90  
 No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,  
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,  
 I bought the costly present for thy sake:  
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife, 95  
 And with another change thy state of life?  
 If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,  
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.  
*As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,*  
*So is thy image on this heart of mine.* 100  
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,  
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimfull,  
 When Goody Dobins brought her cow to bull.  
 With apron blue to dry her tears she sought, 105  
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

# W E D N E S D A Y;

OR, THE

\* D U M P S.

SPARABELLA.

**T**HE wailings of a maiden I recite,  
 A maiden fair that Sparabella hight.  
 Such strains ne'er warble in the linner's throat,  
 Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.  
 No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,  
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;  
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,  
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

\* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the Sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumops, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops, another Egyptian king that died of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that Dumps, which is a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word Dumpsin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Line

5. Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca,  
 Certantes quorum stupefactae carmine lynce;  
 Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.

*Virg.*

A while, O D'Ursey, lend an ear or twain,  
 Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10  
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,  
 Whether thy muse does at Newmarket run,  
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,  
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,  
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice, 15  
 Where D'Ursey's lyrics swell in every voice;  
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,  
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,  
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, 20  
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,  
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;  
 When Sparabella pensive and forlorn,  
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,  
 Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25  
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,  
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;  
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,  
 Last Sunday happier Chumfilis put on. 30

9. Tu mihi seu magni superas jam, saxa Timavi,  
 Sive oram Illyrici legis acquoris—

11. An opera written by this author, called *The World in the Sun*, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

17. Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

18. ——— Hanc sine tempora circum

Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.

25. Incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit Olivar.

Sure if he'd eyes, (*but Love, they say, has none*),  
 I-whilom by that ribbon had been known.  
 Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,  
 For with that ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,* 33  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Shall heavy Clumfilis with me compare?  
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.  
 Her blubber'd lip by smutt'ry pipe is worn,  
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne; 40  
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,  
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;  
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,  
 Before it ever felt the thunder's power:  
 No hufwifery the dowdy creature knew; 45  
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,*  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,  
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50  
 Though Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,  
 Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;  
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,  
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.  
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55  
 While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

33. Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.

37. *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes? Virg.*

49. *Nec sum adeo informis, ne per me in litore vidi. Virg.*

53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur. Virg.*



Yet she, alas! the witlefs lout hath won,  
 And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone!  
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,  
 The clucking hen make friendship with the kite, 60  
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,  
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;  
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,  
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,* 65  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
 And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,  
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
 And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play, 70  
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,  
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,*  
*'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood, 75  
 When late I met the Squire in yonder wood!  
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;  
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,  
 Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80

59. Jungentur jam gryphes equis; aevoque sequenti  
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damae. *Virg.*

67. Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere cervi  
 Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces——  
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus, *Virg.*

Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
 He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,  
 Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;  
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,  
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun.  
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90  
 Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,  
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.  
 The father only silly sheep annoys,  
 The son the fillier shepherds destroys.  
 Does son or father greater mischief do? 95  
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

*My plaint, ye lasses, with this burden aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.*

Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;  
 A sudden death shall rid me of my woe. 100

89. To ken. Scire, Chaucero, to ken, and kende notus A S.  
 cunnan Goth. Kunnan. Germanis kennen. Danis  
 kiende. Islandis kunna. Belgis kennen. This word  
 is of general use, but not very common, though not  
 unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospicere is well  
 known and used to discover by the eye. Ray, F. R. S.  
 Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.

95. Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?  
 Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater. *Virg.*

99. ———— vivite Sylvae,  
 Praeceptis aërii specula de montis in undas  
 Deferar. *Virg.*

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.  
 What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!  
 No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend.  
 But worrying curs find such untimely end!  
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool 105  
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,  
 That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;  
 Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!  
 There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,  
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110  
 And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,  
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

*Ye lasses, ease your burden, cease to moan,  
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.*

The sun was set; the night came on a-pace, 115  
 And falling dews bewet around the place;  
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
 And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;  
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,  
 And till to-morrow comes defers her fate. 120

# T H U R S D A Y;

O R, T H E

S P E L L.

H O B N E L I A.

**H**OBNELIA, seated in a dreary vale,  
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;  
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,  
And pining Eccho answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow, 3  
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!  
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,  
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;  
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,  
And for the village he forsakes the plains. 10  
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;  
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Line

8. Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dightan,  
which signifies to set in order.

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing, 15  
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,  
 I straightway set a-running with such haste,  
 Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;  
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,  
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20  
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,  
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,  
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,  
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground, 25*  
*And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,  
 But to the field a bag of hempseed brought,  
 I scatter'd round the seed on every side,  
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30  
*This hempseed with my virgin hand I sow,*  
*Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.*  
 I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,  
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground, 35*  
*And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
 I nearly rose, just at the break of day,  
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40  
 A-field I went, amid the morning dew  
 To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)

21. Doff, and don, contracted from the words do off, and do on.



38      F O U R T H   P A S T O R A L .

Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune shall our true love be;  
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take,      43  
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail  
That might my secret lover's name reveal;      50  
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,  
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,  
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:  
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,      55  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:  
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*      60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name.  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.  
As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,      65  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

64. ————— ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δίλφιδι δάφναν  
Aΐτω. ἥ' ὥς αὐτὰ λαχίην μίγα καπυρίσασα.

Theoc.

66. Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.

# THE SPELL.

89

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
One that was closely fill'd with three times three, 70  
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,  
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid,  
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,  
When from the spindle I the fleeces drew;  
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in, 75  
But in his proper person,——Lubberkin.  
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,  
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.  
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted sight,  
So may again his love with mine unite ! 80

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This Lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.  
Fly, Lady-bird, North, South, or East or West, 85  
Fly where the man is found that I love best.  
He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,  
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

*With my sharp beel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.* 90

I pare this pippin round and round again,  
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain.  
I sling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
Upon the grass a perfect L is read ;

93. Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.

Ving.

Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen  
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

93

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

This pippin shall another trial make,  
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100  
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,  
And Boobyclod on t'other side is borne.  
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound,  
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last; 105  
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110  
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.  
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;  
Together fast I tie the garters twain,  
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:  
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure, 115  
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.*

109. Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores  
Necte, Amarylli modo; et Veneris dic vincula necto.  
Virg.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
 To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120  
 I made my market long before 'twas night,  
 My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.  
 Strait to the 'pothecary's shop I went,  
 And in love-powder all my money spent;  
 Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers, 125  
 When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,  
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

*With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130*

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,  
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.  
 He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
 Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.  
 He vows, he swears he'll give me a green gown; 135  
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

123. Has herbas, atque haec ponto mihi lecta venena  
 Ipse dedit maeris.

*Virg.*

127. ——— Ποτὸν κακὸν αὐρίον δισσῶ.

*Theoc.*

131. Nescio quid certe est: et Hylax in limine latrat.

F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

\* D I R G E.

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

**W**HY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?  
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.  
'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,  
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;  
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,     §  
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.  
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords,  
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.  
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheary bowl,  
Let cyder now wash sorrow from thy soul.

\* Dirge or Dyrge, a mournful ditty or song of lamentation over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonic *Dyrke*, *Laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *dyrke* and our *dirge* was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.  
*Corwell's Interpretation.*



## GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,  
 From these sad plains all merriments is flown;  
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,  
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

## BUMKINET.

*Hang sorrow!* Let's to yonder hut repair, 13  
 And with trim sonnets *cast away our care*,  
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,  
 Thou sing'st most sweet, *O'er hills and far away*.  
 Of Patient Griffel I devise to sing,  
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20  
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come,  
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

## GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
 But with my woe shall distant valleys ring;  
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head, 25  
 For woe is *me*!—our Blouzelind is dead.

## BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!  
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
 As the wood pigeon cooes without his mate,  
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30  
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,  
 The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

15. Incipe Mopse prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignea

Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri.

27. Glee, joy; from the Dutch glooren, to recreate.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,  
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;  
 The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35  
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.  
 Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,  
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:  
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,  
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.  
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
 Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.  
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45  
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;  
 There I remember how her faggots large,  
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.  
 Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,  
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown; 50  
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,  
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,  
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,  
 And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55  
 I shall her goodly countenance espie,  
 For there her goodly countenance I've seen,  
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.  
 Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,  
 Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60  
 Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream.  
 But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more  
 The whining swine surround the dairy door,

# THE DIRGE.

35

No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65  
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,  
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70  
The poultry there will seem around to stand,  
Waiting upon her charitable hand;  
No succour meet the poultry now can find,  
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass, 75  
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.  
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now!)  
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.  
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,  
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd. 80  
Ah Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,  
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,  
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;  
Let weeds instead of butter-flowers appear, 85  
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;  
For coussips sweet let dandelions spread,  
For Bouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!  
Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,  
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone: 90  
Here Blouzelinda lyes—*Alas, alas!*  
*Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass.*

84. Pro molli viola, pro purpureo Narcisso

Carduus, et spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.

*Virg.*

90. Et tumulum facite, et tumulo supperaddite carmen.

## GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,  
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;  
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,  
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;  
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;  
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell  
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100  
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,  
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;  
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,  
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;  
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105  
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;  
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,  
 Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,  
 While on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110  
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,  
 And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,  
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;  
 Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn 115  
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;

93. Tale tuum carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,  
 Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per aestum  
 Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo.  
 Nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim  
 Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

96. Κρίσον μελομένην τευ ἀκνέμεν ὃ μίλι λείχεν.

The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,  
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.  
 Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,  
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120  
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,  
 Be ten the Parson's, for my sermon paid.  
 The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake,  
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;  
 My new straw-hat that's trimly lin'd with green, 125  
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.  
 My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,  
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:  
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,  
 A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent. 130  
 Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,  
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,  
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.  
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135  
 While dismally the Parson walk'd before.  
 Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
 The daisie, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text, 139  
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next;  
 He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,  
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,  
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.  
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145  
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,



Left her new grave the Parson's cattle raze;  
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm. 150  
For Gaffer Tread well told us by the bye,  
*Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.*

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;  
While padding ducks the standing lake desire, 155  
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,  
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,  
'Till bonny Susan sped a-cross the plain; 160  
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,  
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid:  
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

153. Dum juga mentis Aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,  
Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae,  
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

S A T U R D A Y;

O R, T H E

F L I G H T S.

B O W Z Y B E U S.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustic Muse, prepare;  
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;  
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,  
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,  
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse, 5  
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reapers toil  
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,  
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about; 10  
The lads with sharpen'd hook, and sweating brow,  
Cut down the labours of the winter plow.  
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,  
She feign'd her coat or garter was untied:  
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15  
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.  
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill  
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;  
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,  
Who thought some adder had the lass disinay'd. 20

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,  
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside :  
 That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,  
 Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string :  
 That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed 25  
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed :  
 That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,  
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.  
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?  
 The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous  
 strong!  
 Thou should'st have left the Fair before 'twas  
 night,  
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35  
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout;  
 For custom says, *Whoe'er this venture proves,*  
*For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.*  
 By her example Dorcas bolder grows,  
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose; 40  
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke  
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech be-  
 spoke:  
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;  
 As for the maids—I've something else in store.

22. Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. *Virg.*

40. Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit. *Virg.*

43. Carmina quae vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.  
 Huic aliud mercedis erit. *Virg.*

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45  
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.  
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd  
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;  
 Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,  
 Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear. 50

Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,  
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun ;  
 For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,  
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.  
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55  
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;  
 How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns,  
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.  
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,  
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60  
 He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,  
 And in what climates they renew their breed ;  
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,  
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.  
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65  
 And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep.  
 How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close,  
 Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :  
 For huntsmen by their long experience find,  
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

47. Nec tantum Phoebo gaudet Parnasia rupes,  
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orpheus.

*Virg.*

51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he  
 might have collected these philosophical observations.  
 Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows;  
 For still new fairs before his eyes arose.  
 How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,  
 The various fairings of the country-maid.  
 Long filken laces hang upon the twine, 75  
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;  
 How the tight lads knives, combs, and scissars  
       spies,  
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.  
 Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,  
 Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold. 80  
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
 And all the fair is crowded in his song.  
 The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells  
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;  
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85  
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;  
 Jack Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,  
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.  
 Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,  
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats. 90

Then sad he sung *the children in the wood*.  
 Ah, barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!  
 How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,  
 And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd;  
 Their little corps the Robin-red-breast found, 95  
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,  
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

97. Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,  
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.

King.



For Buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,  
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell  
What woeful wars in Chevy-chase befell,  
When *Piercy* drove the deer with hound and horn,  
*Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!*  
Ah With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd, 105  
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!  
Yet shall the squire who fought on bloody stumps,  
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

*All in the land of Essex* next he chaunts,  
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants: 110  
How the grave brother stood on bank so green.  
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,  
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot, 115  
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,  
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore,  
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,  
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood? 120

99. A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning,  
A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

109. A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.

112. Et fortunatam si nunquam armenta fuissent  
Pasiphaen.

117. Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.

*Virg.*

117. Old English ballads.

His carols ceas'd : the list'ning maids and 'twains  
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose ; and as he reels along  
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.  
The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown 125  
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown ;  
The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,  
'Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

# A N

## ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

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T R I V I A;  
OR, THE  
ART OF WALKING  
THE STREETS OF  
L O N D O N.

Quo te moeri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in urbem? *Virg.*

VOL. I.

K

T H I S I S

OF THE

ART OF WRITING

THE LETTERS OF

A. O. W. D. O. M.

By the same Author as the last

Vol. 3.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE world, I believe, will take so little notice of me that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shewn to better writers : that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit, I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr Swift. And if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto.

—Non tu, in Triviis, indocte, solebas  
Stridentis, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?

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# T R I V I A.

## B O O K I.

*Of the implements for walking the streets, and signs of  
the weather.*

**T**HROUGH winter streets to steer your course  
aright,

How to walk clean by day, and safe by night,

How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,

When to assert the wall, and when resign,

I sing: Thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song, 5

Thro' spacious streets conduct thy bard along;

By thee transported, I securely stray

Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,

The silent court, and op'ning square explore,

And long perplexing lanes untrod before. 10

To pave thy realm, and smooth thy broken ways,

Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;

For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,

Whilst ev'ry stroke his lab'ring lungs resound;

For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide 15

Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.

My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,

From the great theme to build a glorious name,

To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,

And bind my temples with a civic crown; 20

But more, my country's love demands the lays,  
My country's be the profit, mine the praise.

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,  
And *clean your shoes* resounds from ev'ry voice;  
When late their miry sides stage coaches show, 25  
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;  
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,  
And damsels first renew their oyster cries:  
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,  
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide; 30  
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,  
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:  
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet  
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking  
fleeet.

Should the big last extend the shoes too wide, 35  
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside:  
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,  
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ancle sprain;  
And when too short the modish shoes are worn,  
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn. 40

Nor should it prove thy less important care,  
To chuse a proper coat for winter's wear.  
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,  
The silken druggert ill can fence the cold;  
The frieze's spungy nap is soak'd with rain, 45  
And show'rs soon drench the camlet's cockled grain.  
True \* Witney broad-cloath with its shag unshorn,  
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:  
Be this the horseman's fence; for who would wear  
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear? 50

\* A town in Oxfordshire.

Within the Roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,  
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading harms prevent.  
 Let the loop'd Bavaroy the fop embrace,  
 Or his deep cloak bespatter'd o'er with lace.  
 That garment best the winter's rage defends, 55  
 Whose ample form without one plait depends;  
 By † various names in various counties known,  
 Yet held in all the true Surtout alone;  
 Be thine of Kersey firm, though small the cost,  
 Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost. 60

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,  
 Chairmen no longer shall the wall command:  
 Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,  
 And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:  
 This shall direct thy cautious tread aright, 65  
 Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.  
 Let beaus their canes with amber tipt produce,  
 Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.  
 In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,  
 And lazily insure a life's disease; 70  
 While softer chairs the tawdry load convey  
 To court, to White's ‡, assemblies, or the play;  
 Rosy-complexion'd health thy steps attends,  
 And exercise thy lasting youth defends.  
 Inprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane. 75  
 Thus some beneath their arm support the cane:  
 The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,  
 And miry spots thy clean cravat disgrace:  
 O! may I never such misfortune meet,  
 May no such vicious walkers croud the street, 80

† A joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

‡ White's chocolatehouse in St James's Street,

May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,  
While the bold Muse experienc'd dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native home,  
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.  
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse, 85  
Where slav'ry treads the street in woodens shoes;  
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,  
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme,  
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,  
No miry ways industrious steps offend, 90  
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,  
And blackens the canals with dirty show'rs.  
Let others Naples' smooother streets rehearse,  
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,  
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,  
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones; 96  
Nor shall the muse thro' narrow Venice stray,  
Where Gondolas their painted oars display.  
O happy streets, to rumbling wheels unknown,  
No carts, no coaches shake the floating town! 100  
Thus was of old Britannia's city blest'd,  
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd:  
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,  
Nor late invented chairs perplex'd the way:  
Then the proud lady trip'd along the town, 105  
And tuck'd up petticoats secur'd her gown,  
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,  
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:  
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,  
And a long trailing mantua sweeps the ground, 110  
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair  
With narrow step affects a limping air.

Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,  
And the streets flame with glaring equipage ;  
The tricking gamester insolently rides, 115  
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides ;  
In saucy state the griping broker sits,  
And laughs at honesty, and trudging wits :  
For you, O honest men, these useful lays  
The muse prepares ; I seek no other praise. 120

When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries ;  
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,  
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain ;  
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.  
When suffocating mists obscure the morn, 125  
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn ;  
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,  
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.  
Be thou, for every season, justly drest,  
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ; 130  
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,  
Let thy surtout defend the drenching show'r.

The changing weather certain signs reveal,  
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal.  
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire, 135  
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire :  
Your tender shines the scorching heat decline,  
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine ;  
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame  
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame ; 140  
Hov'ring, upon her feeble knees she bends,  
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise,  
Of milder weather, and serener skies.



The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn 145  
 With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn :  
 The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,  
 And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change :  
 • Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,  
 Endu'd by instinct, or by reason taught, 150  
 The seasons operate on ev'ry breast ;  
 'Tis hence that fawns are brisk, and ladies dress'd.  
 When on his box the nodding coachman snores,  
 And dreams of fancy'd fares ; when tavern-doors  
 The chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse 155  
 To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend  
 With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend ;  
 Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,  
 And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames. 160  
 The bookfeller, whose shop's an open square,  
 Foresees the tempest, and with early care  
 Of learning strips the rails ; the rowing crew  
 To tempt a fare, cloath all their tilts in blue :  
 On hosiers poles depending stockings ty'd, 165  
 Flag with the slacken'd gale, from side to side ;  
 Church-monuments foretell the changing air ;  
 Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,  
 And sweats with secret grief : you'll hear the sounds  
 Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds ;  
 Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse, 171  
 And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,  
 Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking show'r,  
 And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.

• Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis,  
 Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.

*Virg. Georg. 3.*

All superstition from thy breast repel. 175  
Let cred'lous boys, and prattling nurses tell,  
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,  
Plenty from lib'ral horn shall strow the year;  
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,  
The lab'ring hind shall yoke the steer in vain; 180  
But if the threatening winds in tempests roar,  
Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.  
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,  
And ev'ry penthouse streams with hasty show'rs,  
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,  
And wash the pavements with incessant rain. 186  
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;  
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

If you the precepts of the Muse despise,  
And slight the faithful warning of the skies, 190  
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,  
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,  
Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet  
Defy the muddy dangers of the street,  
While you with hat unloop'd, the fury dread 195  
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread  
Shun ev'ry dashing pool; or idly stop,  
To seek the kind protection of a shop.  
But bus'ness summons; now with hasty scud  
You juggle for the wall; the spatter'd mud 200  
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scow'r,  
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the show'r.  
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,  
When Orpheus charm'd the rig'rous powers of hell,  
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew 205  
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous view

Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid  
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,  
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise: 210  
Or underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,  
Safe thro' the wet on clinking pattens tread.  
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
Or sweating slaves support the shady load, 215  
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad;  
Britain in winter only knows its aid,  
To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.  
But, O! forget not, Muse, the Patten's praise,  
That female implement shall grace thy lays; 220  
Say from what art divine th' invention came,  
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,  
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;  
One only daughter blest'd his nuptial bed, 225  
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:  
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,  
But now her careful mother was no more.  
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,  
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid; 230  
As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,  
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,  
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,  
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears, 235  
And singing to the distant field repairs:

And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,  
The milky burden smoaks upon her head,  
Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,  
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay. 240

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,  
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:  
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known  
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.  
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows, 245  
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,  
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,  
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?

The Lemnian pow'r forsakes the realms above,  
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love: 250  
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,  
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground,  
Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,  
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:  
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew, 255  
As for the Reed he shap'd the bending shoe.

When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,  
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.  
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays;  
What woman can resist the force of praise? 260

At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,  
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:  
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,  
To save her steps from rain and piercing dews;  
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore, 265  
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.

Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,  
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;  
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,  
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost. 270

This Vulcan saw, and in his heav'nly thought,  
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,  
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,  
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.  
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows, 275  
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.  
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,  
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.  
The God obtain'd his suit; tho' flatt'ry fail,  
Presents with female virtue must prevail. 280  
The patten now supports each frugal dame,  
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.



# T R I V I A.

## B O O K II.

### *Of walking the streets by day.*

**T**HUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful lays,  
The proper implements for wintry ways;  
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,  
To read the various warnings of the skies.  
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town, 3  
And for the public safety risk thy own.

For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;  
No tides of passengers the street molest.  
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,  
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear; 10  
On doors the fallow milkmaid chalks her gains;  
Ah! how unlike the milkmaid of the plains!  
Before proud gates attending asses bray,  
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;  
These grave physicians with their milky chear, 15  
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;  
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,  
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,  
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these  
The proper prelude to a state of peace? 20

Now Industry awakes her busy sons,  
Full charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:  
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,  
And all the streets with passing cries resound.

If cloath'd in black, you tread the busy town, 25  
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend gown,  
Three trades avoid; oft in the mingling press,  
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;  
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,  
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh: 30  
Ye walkers too that youthful colours wear,  
Three fullying trades avoid with equal care;  
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,  
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;  
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat, 35  
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat:  
The dust-man's cart offends thy cloaths and eyes,  
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;  
But whether black or lighter dyes are worn,  
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne, 40  
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,  
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,  
Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,  
And always foremost in the hangman's train.

Let due civilities be strictly paid, 45  
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;  
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage  
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:  
And when the porter bends beneath his load,  
And pants for breath, clear thou the crouded road. 50  
But, above all, the groping blind direct,  
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.

You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,  
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head,  
 At ev'ry step he dreads the wall to lose, 55  
 And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;  
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,  
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.  
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,  
 Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,  
 Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride, 65  
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;  
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,  
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

If drawn by business to a street unknown, 65  
 Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;  
 Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,  
 Like faithful landmarks to the walking train.  
 Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,  
 Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray; 70  
 Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,  
 He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd St Giles's ancient limits spread,  
 An inrail'd column rears its lofty head,  
 Here to sev'n streets sev'n dials count the day, 75  
 And from each other catch the circling ray.  
 Here oft the peasant, with enquiring face,  
 Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;  
 He dwells on ev'ry sign with stupid gaze,  
 Enters the narrow alley's doubtful-maze, 80  
 Tries ev'ry winding court and street in vain,  
 And doubles o'er his weary steps again.  
 Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet,  
 Travers'd the dang'rous labyrinth of Crete;

But still the wand'ring passes forc'd his stay, 85  
 Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.  
 But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide  
 Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide ;  
 She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,  
 Dive in thy sob, and drop thee in the throng. 90

When waggish boys the stunted beefom ply  
 To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by  
 Ere thou hast held their hands ; some heedless flirt  
 Will over-spread thy calves with spatt'ring dirt.  
 Where porters hogheads roll from carts aslope, 95  
 Or brewers down steep ocellars stretch the rope,  
 Where counted billets are by carmen tost,  
 Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.

What though the gath'ring mire thy feet besmear,  
 The voice of industry is always near. 100  
 Hark ! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,  
 And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.  
 Here let the Muse, fatigu'd amid the throng,  
 Adorn her precepts with digressive song ;  
 Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace, 105  
 And shew the parent of the fable race.

Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)  
 Of old was wont this nether world to range  
 To seek amours ; the vice the monarch lov'd  
 Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd, 110  
 And ev'n the proudest Goddess now and then  
 Would lodge a night among the sons of men ;  
 'To vulgar deities descends the fashion,  
 Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.

Then \* Cloacina (goddess of the tide) 115  
 Whose fable streams beneath the city glide)  
 Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd;  
 A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;  
 The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,  
 Like female patches, heighten'd ev'ry grace: 120  
 She gaz'd; she sigh'd. For love can beauties spy  
 In what seems faults to every common eye.

Now had the watchman walk'd his second round;  
 When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound  
 Of her brown lover's cart, for well she knows 125  
 That pleasing thunder: swift the goddess rose,  
 And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,  
 Her bosom panting with expected joys.  
 With the night-wand'ring harlot's airs she past,  
 Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast; 130  
 In the black form of cinder-wench she came,  
 When love, the hour, the place had banish'd shame;  
 To the dark alley arm in-arm they move:  
 O may no link-boy interrupt their love!

When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,  
 The pregnant Goddess (cautious of disgrace) 136  
 Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,  
 Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;  
 No chearful gossip wish'd the mother joy,  
 Alone, beneath a bulk she dropt the boy. 140

\* Cloacina was a goddess whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore, and not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours, *Lectant. i. 20. Minut. Fel. Oct. p. 232.*



The child through various risques in years improv'd,  
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;  
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,  
Knew all the pray'rs and whines to touch the heart.

Oh happy unown'd youths, your limbs can bear  
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air,  
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,  
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with ev'ry rain!

The Goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,  
And long had sought his sufferings to redress; 150  
She prays the Gods to take the fondling's part,  
To teach his hands some beneficial art.  
Practis'd in streets: the Gods her suit allow'd,  
And made him useful to the walking croud,  
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe 155  
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.  
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:  
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar  
Diana forms his brush; the god of day  
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way 160  
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;  
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil  
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,  
From whose dominions smoaky clouds aspire,  
Among these generous presents joins his part, 165  
And aids with soot the new japanning art.  
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,  
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,  
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes, 170

Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,  
 And view'd below the black canal of mud,  
 Where common shores a sullen murmur keep,  
 Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal sleep:  
 Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace, 175  
 Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face;  
 At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,  
 Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;  
 But happier far are those, (if such be known)  
 Whom both a father and a mother own; 180  
 But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,  
 Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!  
 Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,  
 Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;  
 When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,  
 And one day makes them rich for all the year. 186  
 Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,  
 Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,  
 For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,  
 And see the double flaggon charge their hand, 190  
 See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,  
 While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain. 196

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,  
 In widen'd circles beats on either side;  
 The Goddess rose amid the inmost round, 195  
 With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;  
 Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black  
 As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;  
 Around her waste a circling eel was twin'd,  
 Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind. 200  
 Now beck'ning to the boy, she thus begun,  
 Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son. 206

Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand,  
 This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,  
 Temper the foot within this vase of oil, 205  
 And let the little tripod aid the toil;  
 On this methinks I see the walking crew  
 At thy request support the miry shoe,  
 The foot grows black that was with dirt imbrown'd,  
 And in thy pocket gingling halfpence found. 210  
 The Goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,  
 And dashes all around her show'rs of mud:  
 The youth strait chose his post; the labour ply'd  
 Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;  
 His treble voice resounds along the Meuse, 215  
 And White-hall echoes——*Clean your Honour's shoes.*

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay  
 Too long detains the walker on his way;  
 While he attends, new dangers round him throng;  
 The busy city asks instructive song. 220

Where elevated o'er the gaping croud,  
 Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,  
 Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,  
 Turnips, and half hatch'd eggs, (a mingled show'r)  
 Among the rabble rain: Some random throw 225  
 May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.

Though expedition bids, yet never stray  
 Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.  
 Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,  
 Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;  
 The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain, 231  
 And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.

O barb'rous men, your cruel breasts asswage,  
Why vent ye on the gen'rous steed your rage?  
Does not his service earn your daily bread? 235  
Your wives, ye ur children, by his labours fed!  
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,  
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives,  
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,  
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range: 240  
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning-load shall draw,  
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.

Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,  
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?  
Or who \* that rugged street would traverse o'er, 245  
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore  
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend  
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.  
Where chandlers cauldrons boil; where fishy prey  
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea; 250  
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,  
And where huge hogheads sweat with trainy oil,  
Thy breathing nostril hold: but how shall I  
Pass, where in piles † Cornavian cheeses lye?  
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies, 255  
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise.

O bear me to the paths of fair Pell-mell,  
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!  
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,  
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach; 260  
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,  
The soft supports of laziness and pride;

\* Thames-street.

† Cheshire anciently so called

Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,  
 The mutual arms of ladies, and the beau.  
 Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide, 263  
 Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide  
 Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,  
 Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly;  
 Mortar, and crumbled lime in show'rs descend,  
 And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend. 270

But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,  
 And silent wander in the close abodes  
 Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive  
 I stray,  
 In studious thought, the long uncronded way.  
 Here I remark each walker's different face, 275  
 And in their look their various bus'ness trace.  
 The broker here his spacious beaver wears,  
 Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;  
 Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)  
 He seeks bye-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.  
 Soft, at low doors, old lechers tap their cane, 281  
 For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;  
 Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun  
 His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town, 285  
 Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;  
 Untempted, they condemn the jugler's feats,  
 Pass by the Meuse, nor try the \* thimble's cheats.  
 When drays bound high, they never cross behind,  
 Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind: 290

\* A cheat commonly practis'd in the streets with three  
 thimbles and a little ball.



And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,  
Far from the straining steeds securely go,  
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,  
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.  
The Parthian thus his jav'lin backward throws, 295  
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,  
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.  
Do thou some court, or secret corner seek,  
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek. 300

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,  
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong;  
Why should I teach the maid when torrents pour,  
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower? ▲  
Nature will best her ready hand inform, 305  
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.  
Does not each walker know the warning sign,  
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine  
Cross the close street; that then the paver's art  
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310  
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by,  
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;  
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,  
His horses foreheads shun the winter's air?  
Nor will I roam, when summer's sultry rays 315  
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;  
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,  
Smoak o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.

Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind  
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320

She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,  
 And in her hoary mantle cloath the streets.  
 Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads.  
 The gathering fleecè the hollow patten loads ;  
 But if thy footstep slides with clotted frost, 315  
 Strike off the breaking balls against the post.  
 On silent wheel the passing coaches roll ;  
 Oft look behind, and ward the threatning pole.  
 In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,  
 To mark the coachman with a dextrous throw. 330  
 Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,  
 To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread ?  
 How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,  
 Sink in your frauds, and her green stockings mourn ?  
 At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands, 335  
 And swings around his waist his tingling hands :  
 The sempstres speeds to Change with red-tipt nose ;  
 The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows ;  
 In half whipt muslin needles usefess ly,  
 And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340  
 These sports warm harmfess ; why then will ye prove,  
 Deluded maids, the dang'rous flame of love ?

Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,  
 That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands ;  
 Columns with plain magnificence appear, 345  
 And graceful porches lead along the square :  
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo ! from far,  
 I spy the furies of the football war :  
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,  
 Encreasing crouds the flying game pursue. 350  
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,  
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.

But whither shall I run ? the throng draws nigh,  
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;  
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound, 355  
And gingling fashes on the penthouse found.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous year,  
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air ;  
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziars crown'd,  
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360  
The waterman, forlorn along the shore,  
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar,  
Sees harness'd steeds desert the stony town ;  
And wander roads unstable not their own :  
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,  
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slipp'ry tide. 366  
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,  
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire.  
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,  
And num'rous games proclaim the crouded fair. 370  
So when a general bids the martial train  
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain ;  
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,  
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate : 375  
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,  
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours  
When silent evening closes up the flowers ;  
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise ;  
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380

Doll every day had walk'd these treach'rous roads ;  
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads

Of various fruit ; she now a basket bore,  
 That head, alas ! shall basket bear no more.  
 Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain, 385  
 And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.  
 Ah Doll ! all mortals must resign their breath,  
 And industry itself submit to death !  
 The cracking crystal yields, she sinks, she dies,  
 Her head chopt off, from her lost shoulder flies ; 390  
 Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,  
 And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,  
 And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,  
 His sever'd head floats down the silver tide, 395  
 His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd ;  
 Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,  
 And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,  
 And black'ning clouds move on with warmer winds,  
 The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 405  
 And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous  
 waves ;

From ev'ry penthouse streams the fleeting snow,  
 And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways, 405  
 Need not the calendar to count their days.  
 When through the town with slow and solemn air,  
 Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear ;  
 Behind him moves majestically dull,  
 'The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull ; 410  
 Learn hence the periods of the week to name,  
 Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.

When fishy stalls with double store are laid ;  
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,  
Red-speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl, 415  
The jointed lobster, and unscaly soale,  
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes  
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts ;  
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,  
Days, when our fires were doom'd to abstinence. 420

When dirty waters from balconies drop,  
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,  
And cleanse the spatter'd fash, and scrub the stairs ;  
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the season's change declare, 425  
And mark the monthly progress of the year.  
Hark, how the streets with treble voices ring,  
To sell the bounteous product of the spring !  
Sweet-smelling flow'rs, and elder's early bud,  
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood :  
And when June's thunder cools the sultry skies, 435  
Ev'n Sundays are prophan'd by mackrel cries.

Walnuts the fruit'rer's hand in autumn stain,  
Blue plums and juicy pears augment his gain ;  
Next oranges the longing boys entice, 435  
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the Poet's crown,  
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,  
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,  
Christmas, the joyous period of the year. 440  
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,  
With laurel green, and sacred mistletoe,



Now, heav'n-born Charity, thy blessings shed;  
 Bid meagre want uprear her sickly head:  
 Bid shiv'ring limbs be warm; let plenty's bowl 443  
 In humble roofs make glad the needy soul.  
 See, see, the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;  
 Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;  
 Cloath'd are the naked, and the needy glad,  
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad. 450

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan  
 Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;  
 While charity still moves the walker's mind,  
 His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.  
 Judiciously thy half-pence are bestow'd, 455  
 Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.  
 Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,  
 Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.  
 Those who give late, are importun'd each day,  
 And still are teaz'd, because they still delay. 460  
 If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,  
 He thinly spreads them through the public square,  
 Where, all besides the rail, rang'd beggars ly,  
 And from each other catch the doleful cry;  
 With Heav'n, for twopence, cheaply wipes his score,  
 Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more. 466

Where the brass knocker, wrapt in flannel band,  
 Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;  
 Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of death,  
 Waits with impatience for the dying breath; 470  
 As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,  
 Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.  
 Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a pray'r,  
 That Heav'n in mercy may thy brother spare?

Come, F\*\*\* sincere, experienc'd friend, 575  
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;  
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,  
Me bus'ness to my distant lodging calls:  
Thro' the long Strand together let us stray: 480  
With thee conversing I forget the way.  
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,  
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;  
Here Arundel's fair structure rear'd its frame,  
The street alone retains an empty name: 485  
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,  
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,  
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here  
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.  
Where statues breath'd the work of Phidias' hands,  
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands. 490  
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,  
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.  
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;  
Beauty within, without proportion reigns. 495  
Beneath his eye declining art revives,  
The wall with animated picture lives;  
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain  
Transports the soul, and thrills thro' ev'ry vein;  
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes) 500  
For Burlington's belov'd by ev'ry muse.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,  
Upon your state what happiness attends!  
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,  
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling the poles; 505  
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,  
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;

No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,  
 Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;  
 Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan 510  
 Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.  
 Let others in the jolting coach confide,  
 Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;  
 Or, box'd within the chair, condemn the street,  
 And trust their safety to another's feet; 515  
 Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale  
 Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dang'rous sail.  
 Then shall the passenger too late deplore,  
 The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;  
 The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns, 520  
 The glasses chatters, and his charge o'eturns.  
 Who can recount the coach's various harms,  
 The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,  
 When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the  
 show'r,  
 In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain 525  
 Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain;  
 With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near,  
 Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer;  
 The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage, 530  
 His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage,  
 Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,  
 The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow,  
 Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,  
 And mud enwraps the honours of his face. 535  
 So when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,  
 Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world;  
 The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,  
 And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weak'ning ills, 540  
 His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills :  
 From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's  
 fame,  
 From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoak upon your boards ?  
 Such, Newgate's copious market best affords. 545  
 Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal ?  
 Seek Leaden-hall ; St James's sends thee veal ;  
 Thames-street gives cheeses ; Covent-garden fruits ;  
 Moor-fields old books ; and Monmouth-street old  
 suits.

Hence may'st thou well supply the wants of life, 550  
 Support thy family, and cloath thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,  
 And various science lures the learned eye ;  
 The bending shelves with pond'rous scholiasts groan ;  
 And deep divines to modern shops unknown : 555  
 Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing  
 Collects the various odours of the spring,  
 Walkers, at leisure, learning's flow'rs may spoil,  
 Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil,  
 May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page, 560  
 A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage.  
 Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,  
 O'er Congreve smile, or over D \* \* sleep ;  
 Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold,  
 And \* Squirts read Garth, 'till apozems grow  
 cold. 565

\* The name of an apothecary's boy, in the poem of the  
 Dispensary.

O Lintot, let my labours obvious lie,  
Rang'd on thy stall, for ev'ry curious eye;  
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,  
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix 570  
On the false lustre of a coach and six?  
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,  
Sigh for the liv'ries of th' embroider'd beau.

See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,  
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring. 575  
That wretch to gain an equipage and place,  
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.  
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows  
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.  
Here the brist'ld lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps; 580  
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;  
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel'd slaves,  
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves.  
That other, with a clust'ring train behind,  
Owes his new honours to a fordid mind. 585  
This next in court-fidelity excells,  
The public rifies, and his country sells.  
May the proud chariot never be my fate,  
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate;  
Or rather give me sweet content on foot, 590  
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good Surtout!



# T R I V I A.

## B O O K III.

*Of walking the streets by night.*

**O** TRIVIA, goddess, leave these low abodes,  
And traverse o'er the wide etherial roads,  
Celestial queen, put on thy robes of light,  
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.  
At sight of thee the villain sheaths his sword, 5  
Nor scales the wall to steal the wealthy hoard.  
O may thy silver lamp, from heav'n's high bow'r,  
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When Night first bids the twinkling stars ap-  
pear, 10  
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,  
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,  
Where the shop windows falling threat thy head;  
Now lab'ers home return, and join their strength  
To bear the tott'ring plank, or ladder's length;  
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng, 15  
And as the passers open, wind along.

Where the fair columns of St Clement stand,  
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;  
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding  
tread; 20

Where not a post protects the narrow space,  
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;  
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.  
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the colliers steeds 25  
Drag the black load ; another cart succeeds,  
Team follows team, crouds heap'd on crouds appear,  
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.  
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,  
And the mixt hurry barricades the street. 30  
Entangl'd here, the waggon's lengthen'd team  
Cracks the tough harness; here a pond'rous beam  
Lies overturn'd athwart ; for slaughter fed  
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.  
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar, 35  
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war ;  
From the high box they whirl the thong around,  
And with the twining lash their shins resound :  
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,  
And the blood gushes down their painful eye. 40  
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,  
And with their pond'rous fists renew the fight ;  
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with  
blood,  
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.  
So when two boars, in wild \* Ytene bred. 45  
Or on Westphalia's fatt'ning chestnuts fed,  
Gnash their sharp tusks, and rous'd with equal fire,  
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire ;  
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,  
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore. 50

\* New forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,  
Nor idly mingle with the noisy throng.  
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,  
The subtil artist will thy side disarm.  
Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn ; 35  
High on the shoulder in a basket borne  
Lurks the sly boy ; whose hand to rapine bred,  
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.  
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd flight,  
And unselt fingers make thy pocket light. 60  
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown ?  
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.  
But lo ! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,  
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies ;  
Dex'trous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,  
Whilst ev'ry honest tongue *stop thief* resounds. 66  
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,  
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care ;  
Hounds following hounds, grow louder as he flies,  
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries. 70  
Breathless he stumbling falls : Ill-fated boy !  
Why did not honest work thy youth employ ?  
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,  
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout :  
Or plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lyes, 75  
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.

Let not the ballad-finger's shrilling strain  
Amid the swarm thy list'ning ear detain :  
Guard well thy pocket ; for these Syrens stand  
To aid the labours of the diving hand ; 80  
Confed'rate in the cheat, they draw the throng,  
And cambrick handkerchiefs reward the song ;

But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,  
 The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.  
 So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide, 83  
 And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.

If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,  
 And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,  
 Stop short; ner struggle through the croud in vain,  
 But watch with careful eye the passing train. 90  
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide  
 Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,  
 Impatient venture back; despising harm,  
 I force my passage where the thickest swarm.  
 Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain 95  
 Thro' night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.  
 Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,  
 To find the brave companion of his love.  
 The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:  
 Euryalus, alas! is now no more. 100

That walker, who regardless of his pace,  
 Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,  
 From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,  
 Shall strike his aking breast against the post;  
 Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain 105  
 His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.  
 But if unwarily he chance to stray,  
 Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,  
 The thwarting passenger shall force them round,  
 And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground. 110

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,  
 And wary circumspection guard thy side;

Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous night,  
Nor need th' officious link-boy's smoky light.

Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road, 115

Where alehouse benches rest the porter's load,

Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,

That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel;

Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,

Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace. 120

Let not thy vent'rous steps approach too nigh,

Where gaping wide, low steepy cellars lye;

Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall;

And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;

The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan, 125

But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner alleys wind by day,

To shun the hurries of the public way,

Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;

Mind only safety, and condemn the mire. 130

Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,

Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.

Where Lincoln's-Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,

Cross not with vent'rous step; there oft is found

The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone,

Made the walls echo with his begging tone: 136

That crutch which late compassion mov'd, shall wound

Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.

Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,

Yet trust him not along the lonely wall; 140

In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,

And share the booty with the pilf'ring band.

Still keep the public streets, where oily rays

Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.



Happy Augusta! law-defended town! 145  
Here no dark lanthorns shade the villain's frown;  
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,  
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;  
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,  
But liberty and justice guard the land; 150  
No braves here profess the bloody trade,  
Nor is the church the mard'rer's refuge made.

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,  
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:  
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet 155  
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.  
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,  
Whose flambeau gilds the fashies of Pell-mell,  
When in long rank a train of torches flame,  
To light the midnight visits of the dame? 160  
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,  
May where the chairman rests, with safety tread;  
Whene'er I pass, their poles unseen below,  
Make my knee tremble with the jarring blow.

If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,  
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost: 166  
He ne'er the threat, or harsh command obeys,  
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.  
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,  
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll; 170  
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,  
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;  
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,  
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;  
Thy foot will slide upon the mixy stone, 175  
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone.

Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand  
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,  
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,  
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers. 180  
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?  
On ev'ry side the pressing spokes are nigh.  
So sailors, while Charibdis' gulph they shun,  
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands, 183  
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;  
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry feet,  
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.  
If where Fleetditch with muddy current flows,  
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows 190  
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,  
And with the sav'ry fish indulge thy taste:  
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,  
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er 193  
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore  
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,  
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.  
What will not lux'ry taste? Earth, sea and air  
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare. 200  
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christians' food,  
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood;  
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,  
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,  
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall; 206

For should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing  
throng  
Will with impetuous fury drive along;  
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,  
And rudely shove thee far without the post. 210  
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,  
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.  
Yet rather bear the show'r, and tails of mud,  
'Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy blood.  
'Think on Oedipus' detested state, 215  
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.

Where three roads join'd, he met his fire unknown;  
(Unhappy fire, but more unhappy son!)  
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,  
'The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd! 220  
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thin'd thy reign,  
'Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!  
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray  
'Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.

Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years; 225  
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!  
Whether some heir attends in sable state,  
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;  
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,  
A croud of lovers follow to her tomb. 230  
Why is the herse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,  
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?  
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;  
It only serves to prove the living vain;  
How short is life! how frail is human trust! 235  
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?

Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,  
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall;  
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,  
And spot indelible thy pocket foil. 140  
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet  
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?  
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,  
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?  
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant, 145  
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?

† Who can the various city frauds recite,  
With all the petty rapines of the night?  
Who now the Guinea-dropper's bait regards,  
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards! 150  
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,  
Where the sham-quarrel interrupts the way?  
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,  
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threat'ning frown?  
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care, 155  
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;  
Who has not here, or watch, or snuff-box lost,  
Or handkerchief that India's shuttle boast?

O! may thy virtue guard thee thro' the roads  
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes. 160  
The harlot's guileful paths, who nightly stand,  
Where Katherine-street descends into the Strand.  
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtil arts,  
To lure the stranger's unsuspecting hearts:  
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread, 165  
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

† Various cheats formerly in practice.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with saunt'ring pace,  
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;  
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,  
The new-scour'd manteau, and the flattern air; 270  
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,  
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;  
With flatt'ring sounds she soothes the cred'lous ear,  
My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!  
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies, 275  
Or muffled pinner's hide her livid eyes.  
With empty bandbox she delights to range,  
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;  
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood prophane,  
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane. 280  
She darts from farinet ambush wily leers,  
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs  
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,  
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who for thirst of gain, 285  
To the great city drove from Devon's plain  
His num'rous lowing herd; his herds he sold,  
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold:  
Drawn by a fraudulent nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;  
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride, 290  
She leads the willing victim to his doom,  
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.  
Thence thro' the street he reels, from post to post,  
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.  
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,  
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies; 296  
Deep in the Roundhouse pent, all night he snores,  
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.



Ah hapless swain, unus'd to pains and ills!  
Canst thou forego roast-Beef for nauseous pills? 300  
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy eyes and hands,  
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands?  
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst disgrace!)  
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face;  
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kifs disdain, 305  
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light  
Will reach thy reeling steps to tread aright;  
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,  
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm; 310  
But if they shake their lanthorns, from afar  
To call their brethren to confed'rate war  
When rakes resist their pow'r; if hapless you  
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring crew;  
Tho' Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair, 315  
But seek the constable's confid'rate ear;  
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,  
Mov'd by the rhet'ric of a silver fee.  
Thus would you gain some fav'rite courtier's word;  
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my Lord. 320

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;  
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.  
His scatter'd pence the flying † Nicker flings,  
And with the copper show'r the casement rings.  
Who has not heard the Scourer's midnight fame?  
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name? 316  
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,  
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds!

† Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with half-pence.

I pass their desp'rate deeds, and mischiefs done,  
 Where from Snowhill black steepy torrents run; 330  
 How matrons, hoop'd within the hog'shead's womb,  
 Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling tomb  
 O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:  
 So Regulus to save his country dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws 335  
 O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;  
 Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,  
 Or the dark cave to common shores descend.  
 Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,  
 Or smothered in the glimmering socket dies 340  
 E'er night has half roll'd round her ebony throne;  
 In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown  
 Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,  
 And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.  
 So when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray, 345  
 That led the sailor through the stormy way,  
 Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,  
 And the high turret in the whirlwind borne,  
 Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,  
 And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand. 350

Who then through night would hire the harness'd  
 steed,  
 And who would chuse the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! distress with screaming voice draws  
 nigh'r,  
 And wakes the slumb'ring street with cries of fire.  
 At first a glowing red enwraps the skies, 355  
 And borne by winds the scatt'ring sparks arise;

From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;  
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads,  
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,  
And splitting tiles descend in rattling show'rs. 360  
Now with thick crouds th' enlighten'd pavement  
    swarms,

The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,  
A leathern casque his vent'rous head defends,  
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;  
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and pray'rs,  
The helpless infant through the flame he bears, 365  
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire  
The Dardan hero bore his aged fire.

See forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,  
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;  
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,  
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls. 371

Blown by strong winds the fiery tempest roars,  
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;  
The heav'ns are all a blaze, the face of night  
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light; 375

'Twas such a light involv'd thy tow'rs, O Rome,  
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,  
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,  
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.

Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crouds, retire:  
Behold! the ready match is tip't with fire, 381

The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train  
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;  
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound  
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoaky ground. 386  
So when the years shall have revolv'd the date,  
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,

Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,  
 And heave and tofs upon the fulph'rous lake; 390  
 Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,  
 And in th' abyfs her plunging tow'rs descend.

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,  
 The toils, the perils of the wintry town;  
 What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bor'd, 395  
 How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar'd;  
 Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind  
 Their future safety from my dangers find.  
 Thus the bold traveller, (inur'd to toil,  
 Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil, 400  
 The barb'rous Arabs haunt; or shiv'ring crost  
 Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;  
 Whom Providence in length of years restores  
 To the wish'd harbour of his native shores;)   
 Sets forth his journals to the public view, 405  
 To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous labours ly,  
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.  
 Death shall entomb in dust this mould'ring frame,  
 But never reach th' eternal part, my fame. 410  
 When W \* and G \*, mighty names, are dead;  
 Or but at Chelsea under custards read;  
 When critics crazy bandboxes repair,  
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;  
 High-rais'd on Fleetstreet posts, consign'd to fame,  
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

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THE  
WHAT D'YE CALL IT:  
A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL  
F A R C E.

—“Spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet.”

*Hor.*

—“Locus est et pluribus umbris.”

*Hor.*



THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK

IN SENATE  
JANUARY 11, 1891

REPORT  
OF THE  
COMMISSIONER OF  
THE LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO  
A RESOLUTION  
PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 1, 1890

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# T H E

## P R E F A C E.

AS I am the first who have introduced this kind of dramatic entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already raised against it by the graver sort of wits, and other interested people.

We have often had tragi-comedies upon the English theatre with success : but in that sort of composition the tragedy and comedy are in distinct scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole art of the tragi-comi-pastoral farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguished or separated.

The objections that are raised against it as a tragedy, are as follow.

First, As to the Plot, they deny it to be tragical, because its catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted comical.

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Secondly, As to the characters; that those of a justice of peace, a parish-clerk, and an embryo's ghost, are very improper to the dignity of tragedy, and were never introduced by the antients.

Thirdly, They say the sentiments are not tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for tragedy; because the end of tragedy being to shew human life in its distresses, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the Moral ought to have the same tendency; but this Moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the audience in their vanity and self-conceitedness.

You all have sense enough to find it out.

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best critics, whether a tragedy may not have a happy catastrophe; that the French authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their modern tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the antients have either a justice of peace, a parish clerk, or an embryo ghost in their tragedies; yet whoever will look into Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior character to a justice of the peace; in imitation of

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which also, I have introduced a grandmother and an aunt.

To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer, that the sentiments of princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have: their thoughts are almost the same, and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each Character is conversant with. But these critics have forgot the precepts of their master Horace, who tells them,

—Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

In answer to the objection against the Moral, I have only this to alledge, That the Moral of this piece is concealed; and Morals that are couched so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapproved by the best critics \*. And I would have those that object against it as a piece of flattery, consider, that there is such a figure as the Irony.

The objections against it as a comedy are,

First, They object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: inferiors trampled upon by the tyranny of power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

\* See Bosiu's chapter of concealed sentences.

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Secondly, That ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a passion not proper to be moved in comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses above-mentioned. The speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the *Peripætia* and the *Catastrophe*. Peasod's change of fortune upon the reprieve's being produced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweet-heart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.

To the second objection I answer, That ghosts have not been omitted in the antient comedy; *Aristophanes* having laid the scene of his *Bælpæχοι* among the shades; and *Plautus* has introduced a *Lar familiaris* in his prologue to the *Aulularia*, which though not actually a ghost, is very little better.

As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not comical, I answer, That the ghosts are the only characters which are objected to as improper for comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old comedy; but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the justice, clowns, &c. which are indisputably comical characters, must be comical. For the Sentiments



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being conveyed in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best modern French comedies.

The only objection against it as a pastoral falls upon the Characters, which they say are partly pastoral, and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a serjeant of granadiers is not a pastoral Character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels with child.

To this I reply, that Virgil talks of soldiers among his shepherds.

*Impius haec tam culta Novalia miles habebit.*

And the Character of the serjeant is drawn according to the epithet of Virgil, *impious miles*, which may be seen in that speech of his,

You dog, die like a soldier——and be damn'd.

For, in short, a soldier to a swain is but just the same thing that a wolf is to his flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduced. As for the rest of the Characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.

Lastly, they object against it as a farce.

First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should an-

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swer to the extravagance of the Characters; which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no farce.

Secondly, They deny the Characters to be farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true farce, the Sentiments ought to be strained, to bear a proportional irregularity with the Plot and Characters.

To the first I answer, That the farcical scene of the ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular comedy. There are indeed a great number of dramatic entertainments, where are scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not comedies, but five act farces.

Secondly, Let the critics consider only the nature of a farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these qualities in the greatest degree are the most farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an embryo, in the conclusion of the first act. I have, 'tis true, Aristophanes's authority for things of this sort in comedy, who hath introduced a chorus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:

Βρεχέχενιξ, χοῦξ, χοῦξ,  
Βρεχέχενιξ, χοῦξ, χοῦξ,  
Διμυῖα κρηῶν τίχια, &c.

## P R E F A C E.

Mr D'Urfey of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow-chairs in the opera of Dioclesian have danc'd upon the English stage with good success. Shakspeare hath some characters of this sort, as a Speaking wall, and Moonshine \*. The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with *something rough cast about him*, and the latter comes in with a lanthorn and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forced and out of nature, and therefore farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these critics only consider, when they object against it as a tragedy, that I designed it something of a comedy; when they cavil at it as a comedy, that I had partly a view to pastoral; when they attack it as a pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a farce; and when they would destroy its character as a farce, that my design was a tragi-comi-pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed what I purposed, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe critics, I have not called it a tragedy, comedy, pastoral, or farce, but left the

\* See his Midsummer Night's Dream.

## P R E F A C E.

name entirely undetermined in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a tragi-comi-pastoral-farce, as it comprized all those several kinds of the drama.

The judicious reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the scenes are unbroken, and poetical justice strictly observed; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish Girl are intire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of the particular scenes, and of the piece in general; but shall only say, that the success this piece has met with upon the stage, gives encouragement to our dramatic writers to follow its model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of drama is no less fit for the theatre than those they have succeeded in.





# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

## M E N.

Sir ROGER,	Mr Miller.
Sir HUMPHRY,	Mr Cross.
Justice STATUTE,	Mr Shepherd.
Squire THOMAS, Sir ROGER's son, <i>alias</i> THOMAS FILBERT,	} Mr Johnson.
JONAS DOCK, <i>alias</i> TIMOTHY PEASCOD,	} Mr Penkethman.
PETER NETTLE, the Ser- jeant,	} Mr Norris.
Steward to Sir ROGER,	Mr Quin.
Constable,	Mr Penroy.
Corporal,	Mr Weller.
STAVE, a parish-clerk.	
The Ghost of a child unborn,	Mr Norris, junior.
Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.	

## W O M E N.

KITTY, the Steward's daugh- ter, <i>alias</i> KITTY CARROT,	} Mrs Bicknell.
DORCAS, PEASCOD's sister,	Mrs Willis, senior.
JOYCE, PEASCOD's daughter, left upon the parish,	} Miss Younger.
Aunt,	Mrs Baker.
Grandmother.	

T H E  
WHAT D'YE CALL IT,  
A TRAGI-COMI-PASTORAL  
F A R C E.

SCENE, *A country Justice's hall, adorned with  
'scuteheons and stags horns.*

*Enter* STEWARD, SQUIRE, KITTY,  
DOCK, *and others in country habits.*

S T E W A R D.

S O, you are ready in your parts, and in your dress too, I see; your own best cloaths do the business. Sure never was play and actors so suited. Come, range yourselves before me, women on the right, and men on the left. Squire Thomas, you make a good figure. *[The actors range themselves.]*

S Q U I R E.

Ay, thanks to Barnaby's Sunday cloaths; but call me Thomas Filbert, as I am in the play.

S T E W A R D.

Chear up, daughter, and make Kitty Carrot the shining part: Squire Thomas is to be in love with you to-night, girl.

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KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire Thomas's love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [*Aside.*]

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? Jo—Jo—Jonas. No—that was the name my godfathers gave me. My play name is Timothy Pea—Pea—Peascod; ay, Peascod—and am to be shot for a deserter.—

STEWARD.

And you, Dolly?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am Dorcas, Peascod's sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

First COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were—I am the Constable.

Second COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see Tim shot, as it were—I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our Serjeant?

DORCAS.

Why, Petter Nettle. Peter, Peter.

Enter NETTLE.

NETTLE.

These stockings of Susan's cost a woundy deal of pains the pulling on: but what's a serjeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

I'll dress thee, Peter, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still. I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but pr'ythee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his neckcloth.*] Thou must look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiskers with a burnt cork.*] But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

STEWARD.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

NETTLE.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my master Sir Roger seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market town.

STEWARD.

So; now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the play. [*Exeunt actors.*] My daughter debauched! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

180 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT

*Enter Sir ROGER.*

Sir ROGER.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? A play without a ghost is like, is like—i'gad, it is like nothing.

STEWARD.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

Sir ROGER.

And is the play as I order'd it, both a tragedy and a comedy? I would have it a pastoral too; and if you could make it a farce, so much the better—and what if you crown'd all with a spice of your opera? You know my neighbours never saw a play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of plays under one.

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, it is contrived for that very purpose.

*Enter TWO JUSTICES.*

Sir ROGER.

Neighbours, ye are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a play for us these Christmas holidays? [*Exit Steward bowing.*—A rare headpiece! he has it here, i'faith. [*Pointing to his own head.*] But indeed, I gave him the hint—To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that every man talks in his own way!—and then we have made just three justices in the play, to be play'd by us three justices of the Quorum.



## THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 181

First JUSTICE.

Zooks!—so it is;—main ingenious—and can we sit and smoak at the same time we act?

Sir ROGER.

Ay, ay,—we have but three or four words to say—and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

Second JUSTICE.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

Sir ROGER.

This shall be the signal—when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir Humphry—and when Sir Humphry sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire Statute.

First JUSTICE.

Ah, Sir Roger, you are an old dog at these things.

Second JUSTICE.

To be sure.

Sir ROGER.

Why, neighbours, you know, experience, experience—I remember your Harts and your Bettertons.—But to see your Othello, neighbours,—how he would rave and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!—and then he would groul so manfully,—and he would put out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but hush—the prologue, the prologue.

*[They seat themselves with much ceremony at the table, on which are pipes and tobacco, and a large silver tankard.]*

VOL. I.

Q

THE  
P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr PINKETHMAN.

**T**HE entertainment of this night—or day,  
This something, or this nothing of a play,  
Which strives to please all palates at a time,  
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,  
This comic story, or this tragic jest,  
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;  
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,  
Move with distress, or tickle you with satire.  
All must be pleas'd too with their parts, we think:  
Our maids have sweethearts, and their worships drink.  
Critics, we know, by ancient rules may maul it;  
But sure gallants must like—the What d'ye call it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STA-  
TUTE, CONSTABLE, FILBERT,  
SERJEANT, KITTY, DORCAS,  
GRANDMOTHER, AUNT.

Sir ROGER.

HERE, Thomas Filbert, answer to your name,  
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame :  
Or wed her straight, or else you're sent afar,  
To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

FILBERT.

'Tis false, 'tis false—I scorn thy odious touch.

*[Pushing Dorcas from him.]*

DORCAS.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

KITTY.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid.  
To the right father let the child be laid.  
Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look.  
How canst thou, Dorcas, kiss the bible book?  
Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear Old Nick?  
Sure, sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

SERJEANT.

Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;  
For what is war abroad to war at home?

Q.

Who wou'd not sooner bravely risque his life?  
For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

## FILBERT.

Well, if I must, I must—I hate the wench,  
I'll bear a musquet then against the French.  
From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,  
Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,  
Than marry such a trapes—No, no, I'll not :  
—Thou wilt too late repent when I am shot.  
But, Kitty, why dost cry?—

## GRANDMOTHER.

———Stay, Justice, stay:  
Ah, little did I think to see this day!  
Must grandson Filbert to the wars be prest?  
Alack! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,  
Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,  
And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd.  
His loving mother left him to my care;  
Fine child, as like his Dad as he could stare!  
Come Candlemas, nine years ago she dy'd,  
And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

## AUNT.

O tyrant Justices! have you forgot  
How my poor brother was in Flanders shot?  
You prest'd my brother—he shall walk in white,  
He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.  
What though the paultry hare he rashly kill'd,  
That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the field?  
You sent him o'er the hills and far away;  
Left his old mother to the parish pay,  
With whom he shar'd his ten-pence ev'ry day. }

Wat kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;  
 You took the law of Thomas for a trout:  
 You ruin'd my poor uncle at the 'sises,  
 And made him pay nine pounds for Nisiprises.  
 Now will you press my harmless nephew too?  
 Ah, what has conscience with the rich to do!

[*Sir Roger takes up the tankard.*

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,  
 Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,  
 Yet can I sleep in peace——

SIR ROGER. [*After having drunk.*

——Woman, forbear.

Sir HUMPHRY. [*Drinking.*

The man's within the act——

Justice STATUTE. [*Drinking also.*

——The law is clear.

SERGEANT.

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

KITTY. [*Kneeling.*

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.  
 Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,  
 (A posture never known but in the pew).  
 If we can money for our taxes find,  
 Take that—but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.  
 To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,  
 The blood of vermine all the blood he shed:  
 How should he, harmless youth, how should he then  
 Who kill'd but poulcats, learn to murder men?



## DORCAS.

O Thomas, Thomas! hazard not thy life;  
 By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife:  
 I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,  
 I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.  
 I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn;  
 If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.  
 How shall I weep to hear this infant cry?

*[her hand on her belly.]*

He'll have no father—and no husband I.

## KITTY.

Hold, Thomas, hold, nor hear that shameless witch:  
 I can sow plain-work, I can darn and stitch;  
 I can bear sultry days and frosty weather;  
 Yes, yes, my Thomas, we will go together;  
 Beyond the seas together will we go,  
 In camps together, as at harvest, glow.  
 This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,  
 I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed;  
 There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,  
 Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.  
 Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd; and shall I do  
 That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

## FILBERT.

Oh, Kitty, Kitty, canst thou quit the rake,  
 And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake?  
 Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,  
 And captains and lieutenants slight for me?  
 Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,  
 Nor start at oaths that make a Christian quake?  
 Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil  
 A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 187

And when thy Tom's blown up, or shot away,  
Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir ROGER. *[Drinking.]*

Take out that wench——

Sir HUMPHRY. *[Drinking]*

——But give her pennance meet.

Justice STATUTE. *[Drinking also.]*

I'll see her stand—next Sunday—in a sheet.

DORCAS.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause  
To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?  
Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,  
When too soft nature draws us after kind?

S C E N E II.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STA-  
TUTE, FILBERT, SERJEANT, KIT-  
TY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, SOL-  
DIER.

SOLDIER.

Serjeant, the Captain to your quarters sent;  
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.  
Our Corp'ral now has the deserter found;  
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

SERJEANT. *[To Filbert.]*

Come, soldier, come——

488 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

KITTY.

———Ah! take me, take me too.

GRANDMOTHER.

Stay, forward wench.———

AUNT.

———What would the creature do?

This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

KITTY.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake;  
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.  
O justice most unjust!———

FILBERT.

———O tyranny!

KITTY.

How can I part?

FILBERT.

———Alas! and how can I?

KITTY.

⊙ ueful day!———

FILBERT.

———Rueful indeed, I trow.

KITTY.

⊙ woeful day!

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 189

FILBERT.

———A day indeed of woe!

KITTY.

When gentlefolks their sweethearts leave behind,  
They can write letters, and say something kind;  
But how shall Filbert unto me endite,  
When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet, Justices, permit us e'er we part  
To breake this nine-pence, as you've broke our heart.

FILBERT.

*[Breaking the nine-pence.]*

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

KITTY.

*[Joining the pieces.]*

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

*[She is drawn away on one side of the stage by  
Aunt and Grandmother.]*

Yet one look more——

FILBERT.

*[Hau'd off on the other side by the Serjeant.]*

———One more ere yet we go.

KITTY.

To part is death.——

FILBERT.

———'Tis death to part.

490 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

KITTY.

———Ah!

FILBERT.

———Oh!

S C E N E III.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice  
STATUTE, and CONSTABLE.

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.

See, Constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHREY. [Drinking.

We've business——

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.

——To discuss a point of law.

S C E N E IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice  
STATUTE. *They seem in earnest discourse.*

Sir ROGER.

I say the press act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Doubtless, Sir Roger.——



THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 191

Justice STATUTE.

—Brother, without doubt,

*A Ghost rises.*

FIRST GHOST.

I'm Jeffrey Cackle.—You my death shall rue;  
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.  
[Pointing to the Justices.]

*Another Ghost rises.*

SECOND GHOST.

I'm Smut the farrier.—You my death shall rue;  
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

*A Woman's Ghost rises.*

THIRD GHOST.

I'm Bess that hang'd myself for Smut so true;  
So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

*A Ghost of an Embryo rises.*

FOURTH GHOST.

I was begot before my mother married,  
Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

*Another Woman's Ghost rises.*

FIFTH GHOST.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;  
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.  
[All Ghosts shake their heads.]

192 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

Sir ROGER.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?  
You cannot say I did it——

BOTH JUSTICES.

——No——nor we.

FIRST GHOST.

All three——

SECOND GHOST.

——All three——

THIRD GHOST.

——All three——

FOURTH GHOST.

——All three——

FIFTH GHOST.

——All three.

A SONG sung dismally by a GHOST.

*Y*E goblins, and fairies,  
With frisks and vagaries,  
Ye fairies and goblins,  
With hoppings and hobblings,  
Come all, come all  
To Sir Roger's great ball.

THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 193

*All fairies and goblins,  
All goblins and fairies,  
With hoppings and hobblings,  
With frisks and vagaries.*

C H O R U S.

*Sing, goblins and fairies,  
Sing, fairies and goblins,  
With frisks and vagaries,  
And hoppings and hobblings.*

[The ghosts dance round the Justices, who go off in a  
fright, and the ghosts vanish.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A F I E L D.

TIMOTHY PEASCOD bound; CORPO-  
RAL, SOLDIERS and COUNTRY-  
MEN.

C O R P O R A L.

S T A N D off there, countrymen; and you, the  
guard,  
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.  
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

P E A S C O D.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.  
O fellow-soldiers, countrymen and friends,  
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends :  
For evil courses am I brought to shame,  
And from my soul I do repent the same.

194 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

Oft my kind Grannam told me—Tim, take warning,  
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning;  
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;  
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:  
I robb'd the parson's orchard next; and then  
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole—a hen.  
When I was press'd, I told them the first day  
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

*[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]*

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,  
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

*[The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.]*

Hold, hold, my friends; nay, hold, hold, hold, I pray;  
They may go off—and I have more to say.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN.

Come, 'tis no time to talk——

SECOND COUNTRYMAN.

——Repent thine ill,

And pray in this good book.— *[Gives him a book.]*

PEASCOD.

——I will, I will.

Lend me thy handkercher—*The Pilgrim's pro——*

*[Reads and weeps.]*

(I cannot see for tears) *Pro—Progress—Oh!*

*The Pilgrim's Progress——eighth——edi——ti——on*

*Lon-don—print-ed—for—Ni-cho-las Bod-ding-ton:*

*With new ad-di-tions never made before.*

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

*[Drops the book.]*

S C E N E II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FILBERT.

SERJEANT.

What whining's this?—boys, see your guns well  
ramm'd.

You dog, die like a foldier—and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!——

PEASCOD.

——— I should not thus be bound,  
If I had means, and could but raise five pound.  
The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,  
Five pounds, if rightly tip'd, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

Here——Peascod, take my pouch,—'tis all I own.  
(For what is means and life when Kitty's gone!)  
'Tis my prefs-money——can this silver fail?  
'Tis all, except one six-pence, spent in ale.  
This had a ring for Kitty's finger bought,  
Kitty on me had by that token thought.  
But for thy life, poor Tim, if this can do't;  
Take it, with all my soul——thou'rt welcome to't.  
*[Offers him his purse.]*



196 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

First COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen-pence——

Second COUNTRYMAN.

———And my cramp-ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

Third COUNTRYMAN.

And Master Serjeant, take my box of copper.

Fourth COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble——

Fifth COUNTRYMAN.

———And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERJEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things—I'll have them.  
[not.]

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?——

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN.

———Oh! must poor Tim be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first—— [Embracing Filbert.

S C E N E III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FIL-  
BERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

———Ah, brother Tim,  
Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him:  
He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;  
In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.  
O marry me—[To Filbert.] Thy sister is with child.  
[To Tim.]  
And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Could'st thou do this? Could'st thou——  
[In anger to Filbert.]

SERJEANT.

———Draw out the men:  
Quick to the stake; he must be dead by ten.

DORCAS.

Be dead! must Tim be dead!

PEASCOD.

———He must—he must.

DORCAS.

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst:  
—Hold, Serjeant, hold,—yet ere you sing the Psalms,  
Ah let me ease my conscience of its qualms.

198 THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT.

O brother, brother! Filbert still is true.  
I foully wrong'd him—do, forgive me, do. [To Filb.  
The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,  
Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,  
To swear this child to Filbert.——

PEASCOD.

———What a Jew  
My sister is!—Do, Tom, forgive her, do. [To Filb.

FILBERT. [kisses Dorcas.

But see thy base-born child, thy babe of shame,  
Who, left by thee, upon our parish came,  
Comes for thy blessing.——

S C E N E IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FIL-  
BERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

PEASCOD.

———Oh! my sins of youth!  
Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, Ruth?  
O save me, Serjeant:—how shall I comply?  
I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?  
A-lack-a-day! that ever Joyce was born!  
No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,  
And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.

They said, if ever father got his pay,  
I should have two-pence every market-day.

P E A S C O D.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,  
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

*[Pointing to the badge on her arm.]*

J O Y C E.

The parish finds indeed—but our church-warden's  
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.  
Then my school-mistress, like a vixen Turk,  
Maintains her lazy husband by our work:  
Many long tedious days I've worsted spun:  
She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.  
Heav'n send me a good service! for I now  
Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

P E A S C O D.

O hat I had by Charity been bred!  
I then had been much better—taught than fed.  
Instead of keeping nets against the law,  
I might have learn'd accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.  
Farewell, my child; spin on, and mind thy book,  
And send thee store of grace therein to look.  
Take warning by thy shameless aunt; lest thou  
Should'st o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.  
Mark my last words—an honest living get;  
Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit.

*[Dorcas leads out Joyce sobbing and crying.]*

S C E N E V.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FIL-  
BERT.

FILBERT.

Let's drink before we part——for sorrow's dry.  
To Tim's safe passage——

*[Takes out a brandy bottle, and drinks.]*

First COUNTRYMAN.

——I'll drink too.

Second COUNTRYMAN:

——And I.

PEASCOD.

Stay, let me pledge——'tis my last earthly liquor.

*[Drinks.]*

——When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

*[They lead him to the stake.]*

First COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman——

*[Sighing.]*

Second COUNTRYMAN.

——Harrow'd well!

Third COUNTRYMAN.

And at our may-pole ever bore the bell!



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PEASCOD.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,  
Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;  
This field where, from my youth, I've been a carter,  
I, in this field, should die for a deserter?

FILBERT.

'Tis hard, 'tis wond'rous hard!

SERGEANT.

———Zooks, here's a pothor;  
Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

PEASCOD.

*[Distributing his things among his friends.]*

Take you my 'bacco-box—my neckcloth, you.  
To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skew.  
But wear these breeches, Tom; they're quite bran-new.

FILBERT.

Farewell———

First COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, Tim———

Second COUNTRYMAN.

———B'ye, Tim.

Third COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

Fourth COUNTRYMAN.

———Adieu.

*[They all take leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]*

S C E N E VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FIL-  
BERT, *to them* a SOLDIER *in great haste.*

SOLDIER.

Hold——why so furious, Serjeant? by your leave,  
Untie the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

*[Shows a paper.]*

Chorus of COUNTRYMEN. *[Huzzaing.]*

A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

*[Peascod is unty'd, and embraces his friends.]*

S C E N E VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS,  
COUNTRYMEN, SERJEANT, FIL-  
BERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there.

SERJEANT.

For what?——

CONSTABLE.

——For stealing Gaffer Gape's gray mare.

*[They seize the Serjeant.]*

PEASCOD.

Why, heark ye, heark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.  
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot?

SERJEANT.

Nay, hold, hold, hold——

PEASCOD.

——Not if you were my brother;  
Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

CONSTABLE.

Thus said Sir John—the law must take its course;  
'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.  
But (said Sir John) the statutes all declare,  
The man shall sure be hang'd—that steals a mare.

PEASCOD. [To the Serjeant.

Ay—right—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.  
He shall be hang'd—that's certain; and good cause.  
A rare good sentence this—how is't?—the laws  
No—not the laws—the statutes all declare,  
The man that steals a mare shall sure—be—hang'd,  
No, no—he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[Exit Serjeant guarded, Countrymen, &c.  
buzzing after him.

S C E N E VIII.

KITTY, *with her hair loose*, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS, *Chorus of SIGHS and GROANS.*

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you  
Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:  
And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,  
Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:  
With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,  
'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;  
On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,  
While Tim gaz'd on me propt upon his fork:  
Farewell, farewell; for all thy task is o'er,  
Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

*[Flings away the rake.]*

*Chorus of SIGHS and GROANS.*

Ah—O!—Sure never was the like before!

KITTY.

Happy the maid whose sweetheart never hears  
The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice fears.  
Our bans thrice bid! and for my wedding-day  
My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

*Chorus of SIGHS and GROANS.*

Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well-a-day!

K I T T Y.

You, Bess, still reap with Harry by your side;

You, Jenny, shall next Sunday be a bride:

But I forlorn !——This ballad shews my care ;

[Gives Sufan a ballad.

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair ;

Sufan can sing——do you the burden bear.

A B A L L A D.

## I.

*'T WAS when the seas were roaring  
With hollow blasts of wind;*

*A damsel lay deploring,*

*All on a rock reclin'd.*

Wide o'er the foaming billows

*She cast a wistful look;*

Her head was crown'd with willows

That tremble o'er the brook.

## II.

Twelve months are gone and over,

*And nine long tedious days.*

*Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,*

*Why didst thou trust the seas?*

*Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,*

*And let my lover rest:*

*Ah ! what's thy troubled motion*

To that within my breast?



## III.

*The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,  
 Sees tempests in despair;  
 But what's the loss of treasure  
 To losing of my dear?  
 Should you some coast be laid on  
 Where gold and diamonds grow,  
 You'd find a richer maiden,  
 But none that loves you so.*

## IV.

*How can they say that Nature  
 Has nothing made in vain;  
 Why then beneath the water  
 Should hideous rocks remain?  
 No eyes the rocks discover,  
 That lurk beneath the deep,  
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,  
 And leave the maid to weep.*

## V.

*All melancholy lying,  
 Thus wail'd she for her dear;  
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,  
 Each billow with a tear;  
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,  
 His floating corpse she spy'd;  
 Then like a lilly drooping,  
 She bow'd her head and dy'd.*

KITTY.

Why in this world should wretched Kitty stay?  
 What if these hands should make myself away?  
 I could not sure do otherwise than well.  
 A maid so true's too innocent for hell.  
 But hearkye, Cis — [*Whispers and gives her a penknife.*]

AUNT.

—— I'll do't — 'tis but to try,  
 If the poor soul can have the heart to die.  
 [*Aside to the Haymakers.*]  
 Thus then I strike — but turn thy head aside.

KITTY.

'Tis shameful sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.  
 No — take this cord — [*Gives her a cord.*]

AUNT.

—— With this thou shalt be sped.  
 [*Putting the noose round her neck.*]

KITTY.

But curs are hang'd. —

AUNT.

—— Christians should die in bed.

KITTY.

Then lead me thither; there I'll mourn and weep,  
 And close these weary eyes in death.

AUNT.

—— Or sleep. [*Aside.*]

KITTY.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier;  
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here:  
Here shall I walk—for 'twas beneath yon tree  
Filbert first said he lov'd—lov'd only me.

[Kitty faints.

GRANDMOTHER.

She swoons, poor soul—help, Dolly.

AUNT.

——She's in fits.

Bring water, water, water.——

[Screaming.

GRANDMOTHER.

——Fetch her wits.

[They throw water upon her.

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below;  
It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.  
The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.  
Hah! who comes here!—my Filbert! drown not him.  
Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,  
Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk and honey-moun-  
tains.

S C E N E IX.

KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT,  
HAYMAKERS, FILBERT.

KITTY.

It is his ghost—or is it he indeed?  
Wert thou not sent to war? hah, dost thou bleed?  
No——'tis my Filbert.

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FILBERT. [*Embracing her.*]

———Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he;

Dorcas confess'd; the Justice set me free.

I'm thine again.——

KITTY.

———I thine.——

FILBERT.

———Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to church, to church.——

KITTY.

———To wed.

FILBERT.

———To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the actors.*]

SIR ROGER.

Ay, now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the parson? Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the London stage.—Why, heighday! what's our play at a stand?

*Enter a* COUNTRYMAN.

COUNTRYMAN.

So please your Worship, I should have play'd the parson, but our curate would not lend his gown; for he says it is a profanation.

Sir R O G E R.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

*[The Justices assent by nods and signs.]*

*Enter STAVE the parish clerk.*

STAVE.

Master Doctor faith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them to your Worship.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall our play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr Inference.

*Stave goes out and re-enters.*

STAVE.

Sir, he faith he never greatly affected stage plays.

*[Within.]*

Stave, Stave, Stave!

Sir R O G E R.

Tell him that I say——

*[Within.]*

Stave, Stave!

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall the curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself—I say he shall.



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Stave goes out and re-enters.

STAVE.

The Steward hath persuaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen: neither will he enter into your Worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir HUMPHRY.

Very likely; the good man may have reason.

Justice STATUTE.

In troth, we must in some fort comply with the scrupulous tender-conscienc'd doctor.

Sir ROGER.

Why, what's a play without a marriage? and what is a marriage if one sees nothing of it? Let him have his humour—but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. [Exit Stave.

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.

So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i'faith. To have and to hold! right again—well play'd, Doctor; well play'd, Son Thomas. Come, come, I'm fatisfy'd—now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter STEWARD, Squire THOMAS, KITTY, STAVE, &c.

STEWARD.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

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" So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er;  
" The dreadful reck'ning, and men smile no more."

I wish you joy of your play, and of your daughter.  
I had no way but this to repair the injury your son  
had done my child—she shall study to deserve your  
favour. *[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.]*

Sir R O G E R.

Married! how married! can the marriage of Fil-  
bert and Carrot have any thing to do with my son?

S T E W A R D.

But the marriage of Thomas and Katharine may,  
Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a  
stage play, with a pox!

Sir H U M P H R Y.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tan-  
nard, Sir Roger.

Squire T H O M A S.

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous  
things—but I'm no such fool neither, but I know  
this was all your contrivance.

Justice S T A T U T E.

Ay, Sir Roger, you told us it was you that gave  
him the hint.

## THE WHAT D'YE CALL IT. 213

Sir ROGER.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire THOMAS.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is—and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye father, I was under some sort of a promise to ye fee—so much for that—If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't—sure I must have been married some time or other.

*[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.]*

Sir HUMPHRY.

In troth it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

Justice STATUTE.

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not lose the dance.

A D A N C E.

E P I L O G U E.

STAVE.

*OUR stage play has a moral—and no doubt  
You all have sense enough to find it out.*

END OF VOLUME FIRST.